

THE CYCLONE

THE CYCLONE IS A TORNADO IN HUMAN FORM, WHO STRIKES AT CRIME WITH THE SPEED AND FORCE OF A HURRICANE. HE MOVES WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF THE WIND, ALWAYS ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER.



A FISHING BOAT SAILS INTO PORT.

WE MADE A GOOD HAUL THIS TRIP!

YEAH, WE GOT A LOT OF FISH!

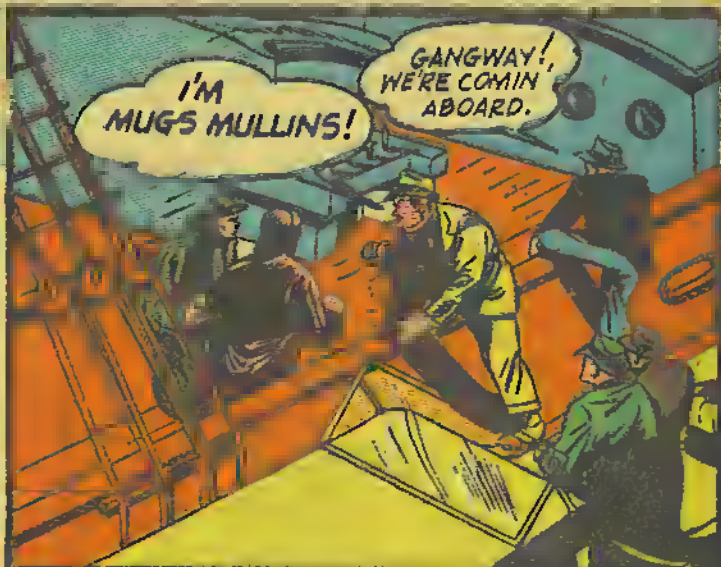


SUDDENLY A SPEED BOAT COMES ALONGSIDE

THERE'S A BOAT, PULLIN' UP, BOSS!



A collage of various comic book covers from the mid-20th century, including titles like 'Supermouse', 'Startling Comics', 'Jetta', 'Mystery Comics', 'Fantastic Tales', 'Cosmo Cat', 'Strange Worlds', 'Exciting Comics', 'Daring Adventures', 'Casper Cat', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Barnyard Comics', 'Famous Funnies', 'Hill Country', 'Teen-Age Sweetheart', 'Jetta', 'Science', 'Quick Lunch', 'Snake Eyes', 'Miss Masque', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Casper Cat', and 'Daring Adventures'. A large, stylized speech bubble in the center contains the text 'WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM'.



AT THAT MOMENT PETER BLAKE IS BUYING FISH

I WANT FIVE POUNDS
OF HADDOCK.... WHAT'S
ALL THAT NOISE IN THE
HARBOR?

!?

OH! JUST A FIGHT ON
A FISHING BOAT. THOSE
DUMB FISHERMEN ARE
ALWAYS FIGHTING!

PETER SLIPS INTO AN ALLEY AND BECOMES,

I'LL INVESTIGATE
... AS THE CYCLONE!

..AND
SEE WHAT
THIS ARGUMENT
SEEMS TO BE
ABOUT!

HE
MAKES
A MAD,
DASH TO
THE END
OF THE
WHARF
AND...!

LOOK AT DAT
GUY!

GEE! SOME
SPEED!

LOOKS
LIKE IT'LL
BE A LITTLE
JUMP!

I MUST
REACH THE
MIDDLE OF
THE HARBOR!

THIS IS
MY FIRST
STOP!

AGAIN THE CYCLONE LEAPS...



I HATE TO BUTT INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS TOO MUCH... BUT...

...THIS LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING FISHY IN THIS HARBOR AND THIS ISN'T DENMARK!



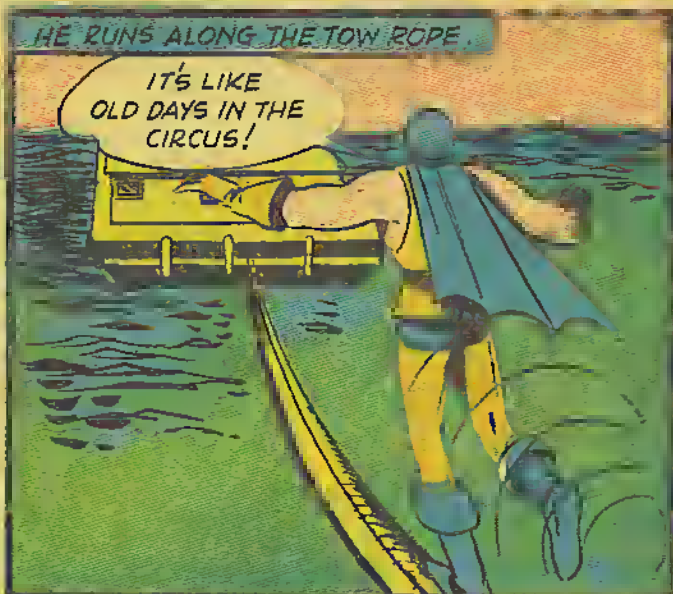
TO A COAL BARGE!



PARDON MY INTRUSION!

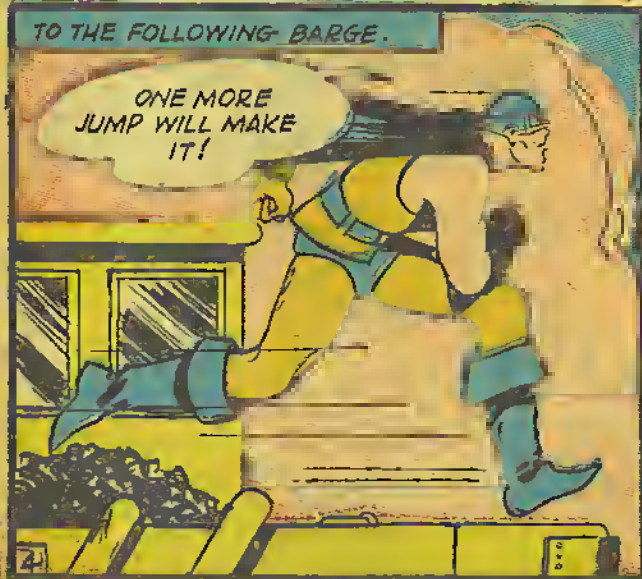
WHAT THA...!

HE RUNS ALONG THE TOW ROPE.



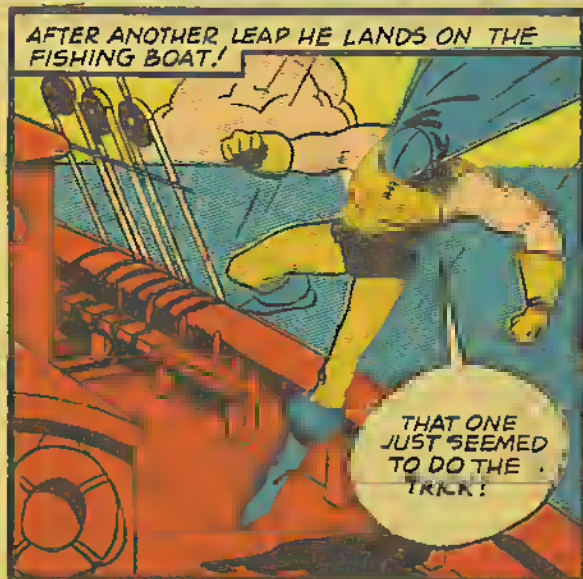
IT'S LIKE OLD DAYS IN THE CIRCUS!

TO THE FOLLOWING BARGE.



ONE MORE JUMP WILL MAKE IT!

AFTER ANOTHER LEAP HE LANDS ON THE FISHING BOAT!



THAT ONE JUST SEEMED TO DO THE TRICK!



THE CYCLONE LEAPS FOR A ROPE

YOU BOYS
TAKE SOME
SHOOTING
LESSONS!

ZING
ZING
ZING

UHHH!

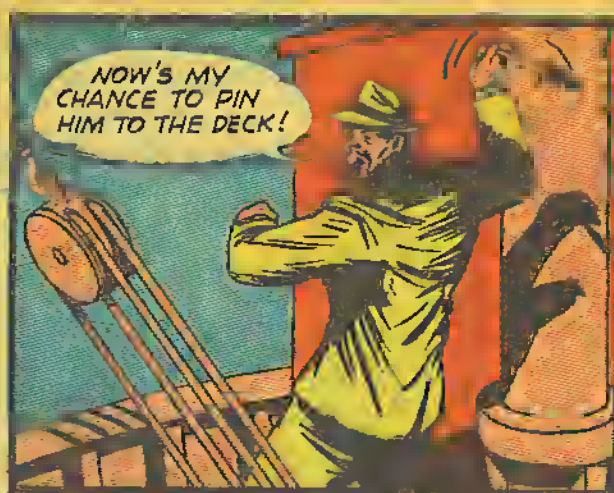
SWEET DREAMS!

IT'S GOOD
EXERCISE!

I'LL GET HIM
WITH THE KNIFE!

UGH!

IT'S THE
MULE IN ME!



BUT THE CYCLONE DUCKS

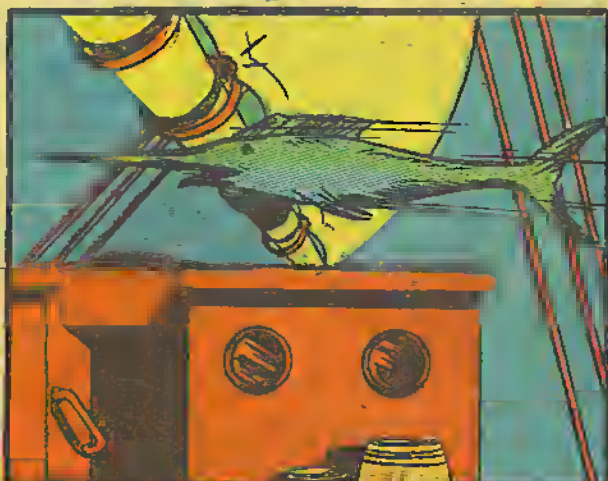
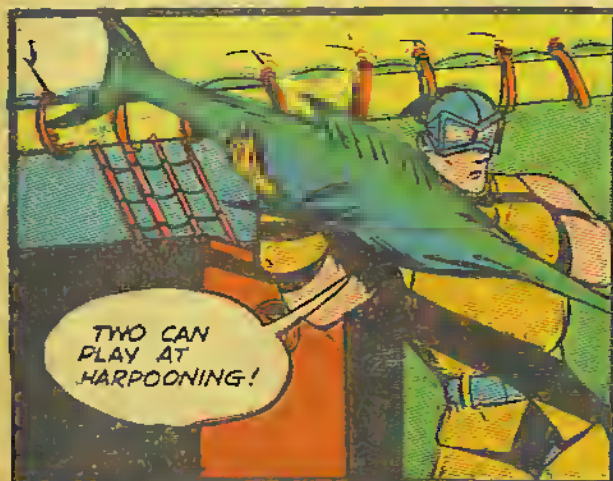
YOU AIMED
TOO HIGH!



THE CYCLONE SEIZES A SWORD-
FISH.



TWO CAN
PLAY AT
HARPOONING!



WHAT
THA..!

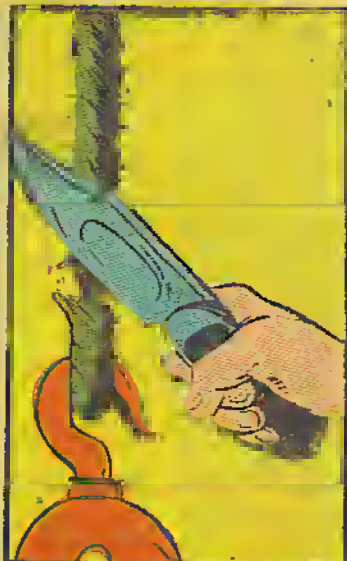


HELP!
I'M STUCK!



MEANWHILE, JUST ABOVE THE CYCLONE

HE'S RIGHT
UNDER ME NOW.
HE WON'T GET
AWAY THIS TIME



HE'S OUT
COLD BOSS, LETS
TIE HIM UP IN
A BAG!



AND THROW HIM
TO DE FISHES? IT'S
A GREAT IDEA!



TIE HIM
UP TIGHT!



GOOD
RIDDANCE!

THE COOL WATER REVIVES THE CYCLONE.

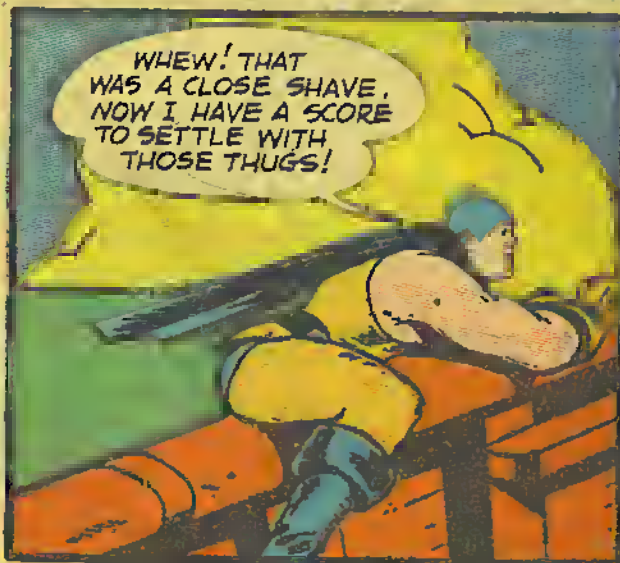
I'VE GOT TO DO
SOMETHING! I KNOW,
I'LL BREAK MY GOGGLES
AND USE THE
BROKEN
GLASS!



I'LL CUT MY
WAY OUT. THERE!
NOW TO GET BACK
TO THE BOAT!



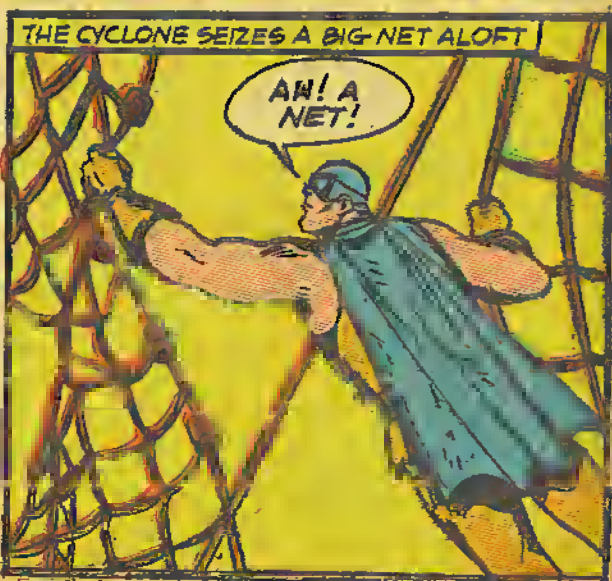
WHEW! THAT
WAS A CLOSE SHAVE.
NOW I HAVE A SCORE
TO SETTLE WITH
THOSE THUGS!



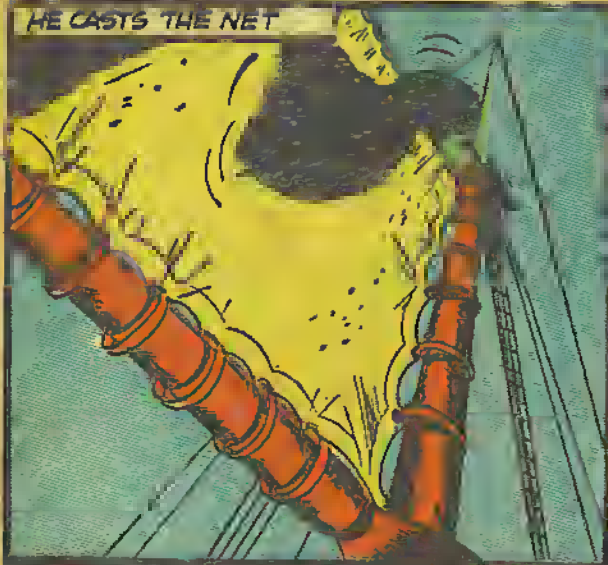
HE'S
A GHOST!

DON'T
BE DUMB,
SHOOT
HIM!



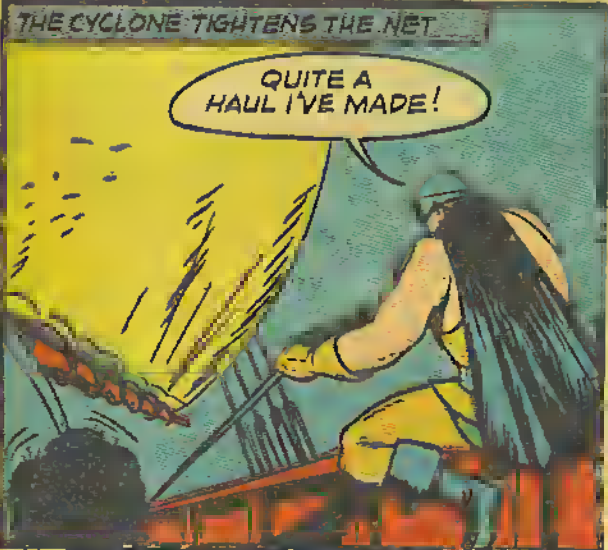


HE CASTS THE NET



THE CYCLONE TIGHTENS THE NET

QUITE A
HAUL I'VE MADE!



LET US OUT!
WE'LL GIVE A
THOUSAND
DOLLARS!

MAKE IT
TWO THOUSAND!

HOW'D
WE GET
IN THIS
MESS!



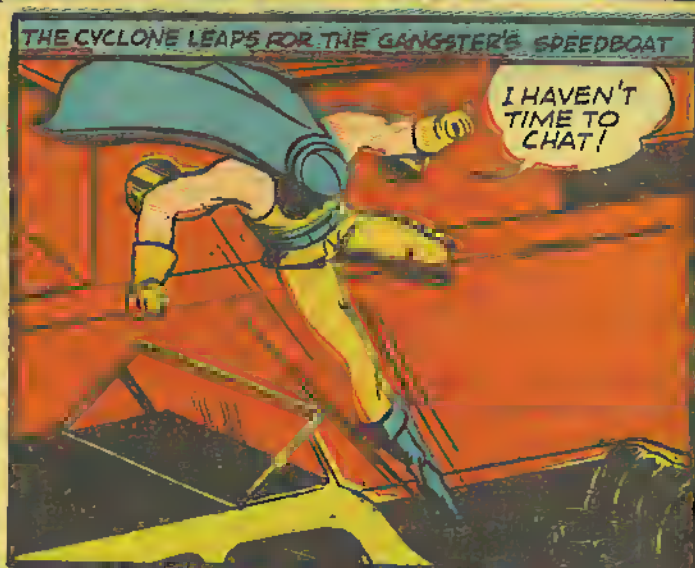
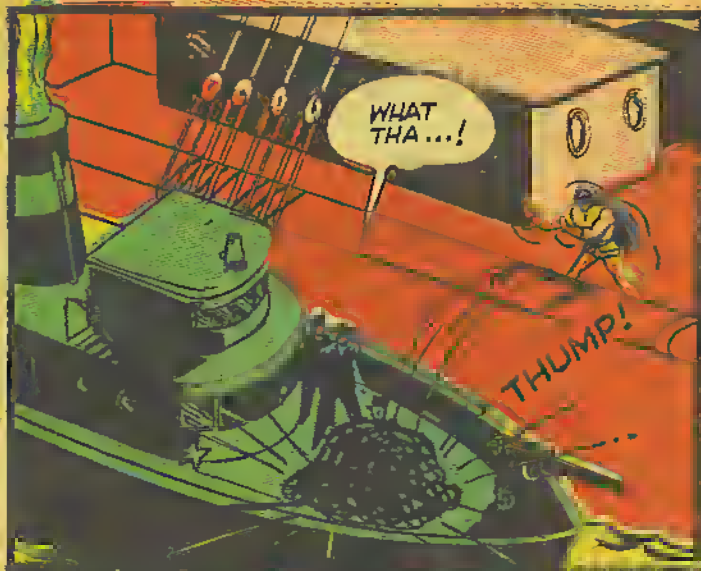
THE HARBOR POLICE ARRIVE

AHOY THERE,
WHAT'S WRONG?



GOOD
RIDDANCE!





ACE
REPORTER

SCOOP

ASSIGNED TO INTERVIEW
PROF. MORDAN, REFUGEE FROM WAR
TORN EUROPE, SCOOP DISCOVERS
THE SCIENTIST IS BEING
HELD A PRISONER ON A REMOTE
COUNTRY ESTATE BY AGENTS OF A
DICTATOR AND FORCED TO YIELD HIS
DISCOVERIES.....

BY A RUSE SCOOP
DISARMED THE
ENTIRE CREW...

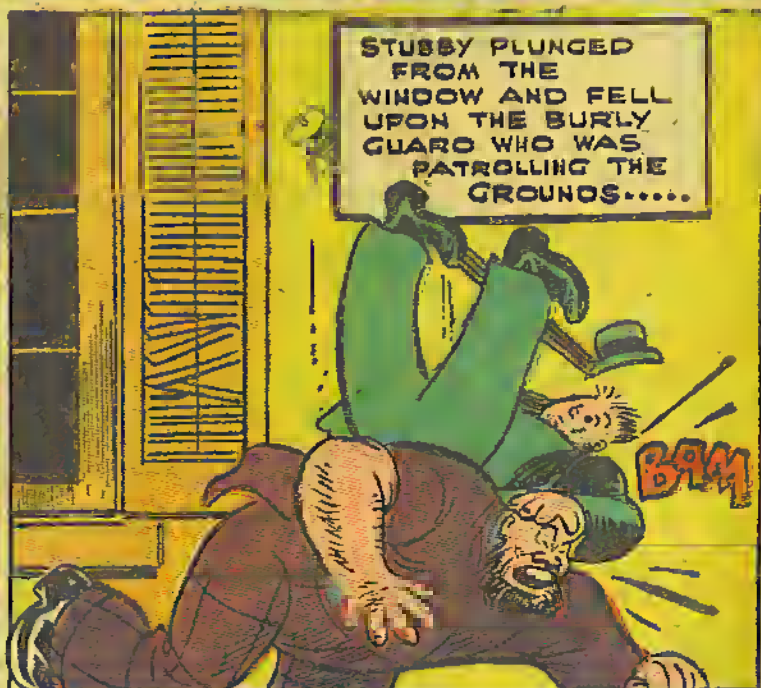
THEY WON'T
BOTHER YOU ANY
MORE PROFESSOR

SOMETHIN'
TELLS ME
THIS IS GOIN'
TOO
SMOOTH!

SUDDENLY A TRAP DOOR
OPENED BENEATH SCOOP....

I'LL NAIL
THAT FAT
ONE.....







I'LL SHOW HIM HOW MANY BUNS MAKE A OOZEN....

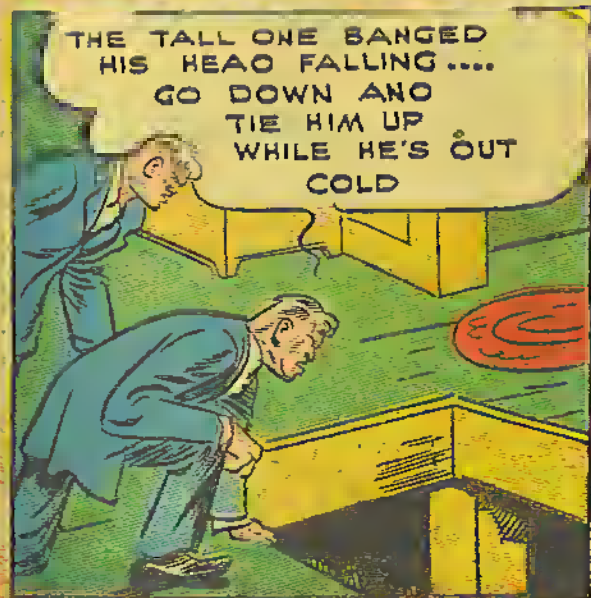
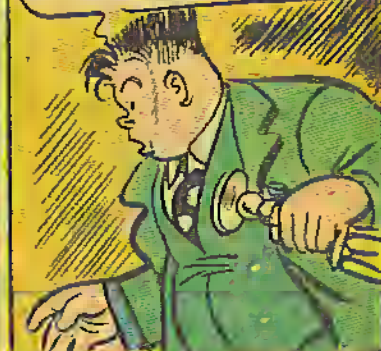


....TOOK SASH AND ALL...!!

WHEW!
EVERY TIME I THINK I'M SAFE SOMETHIN' ELSE HAPPENS TO ME.....



OUR BIRD GOT AWAY!
...JUMPED FROM THIS WINOOW!



THE TALL ONE BANGED HIS HEAO FALLING....
GO DOWN AND TIE HIM UP WHILE HE'S OUT COLD

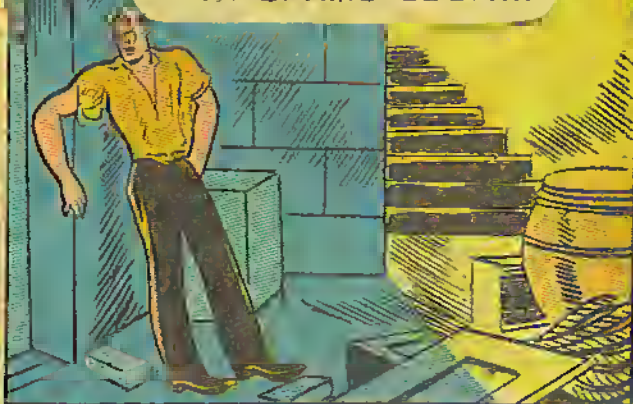


IF I CAN ONLY GET TO MY FEET BEFORE HE GETS DOWN HERE....

HANLON
LEANS ON A
CASK TO
STEADY HIM-
SELF; THE DOOR
OPENS AND
HIS FIST
CONNECTS..



I FORGOT TO TAKE
HIS GUN BEFORE
I SLAMMED THE
DOOR AND THAT'S
A SPRING LOCK...



HERE'S WHERE I
SCORE ONE FOR
OUR SIDE.....



JA, SO?



SCOOP CREPT UP THE STAIRS
TO FIND HIMSELF TRAPPED

WE HAVE
BEEN
WAITING
FOR YOU!



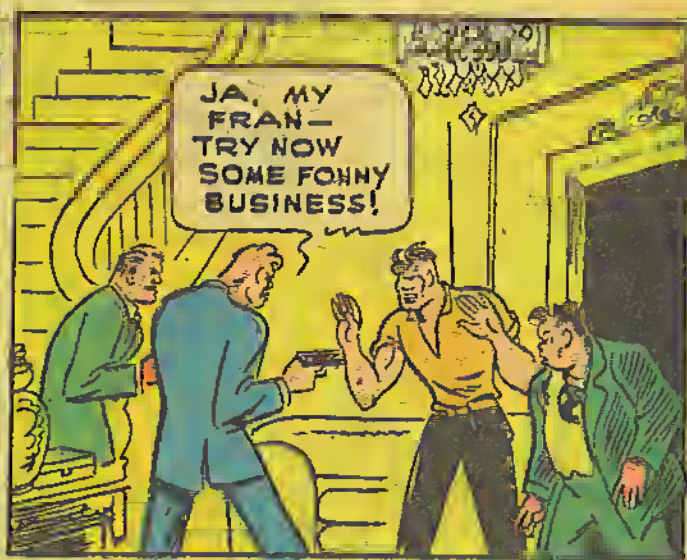
GOOD! WE HAVE
THEM BOTH!
NOW SEIZE THE
OLD MAN AND
HIS NIECE !!



ALL IS READY
... DRIVE THEM
INTO THE
SOUTH ROOM
AND WE WILL
DESTROY
THEM!



JA, MY
FRAN—
TRY NOW
SOME FOHNY
BUSINESS!



LEAVE MY UNCLE
ALONE... HE'S
A HELPLESS OLD
MAN!

STEP
ASIDE
ELSA...



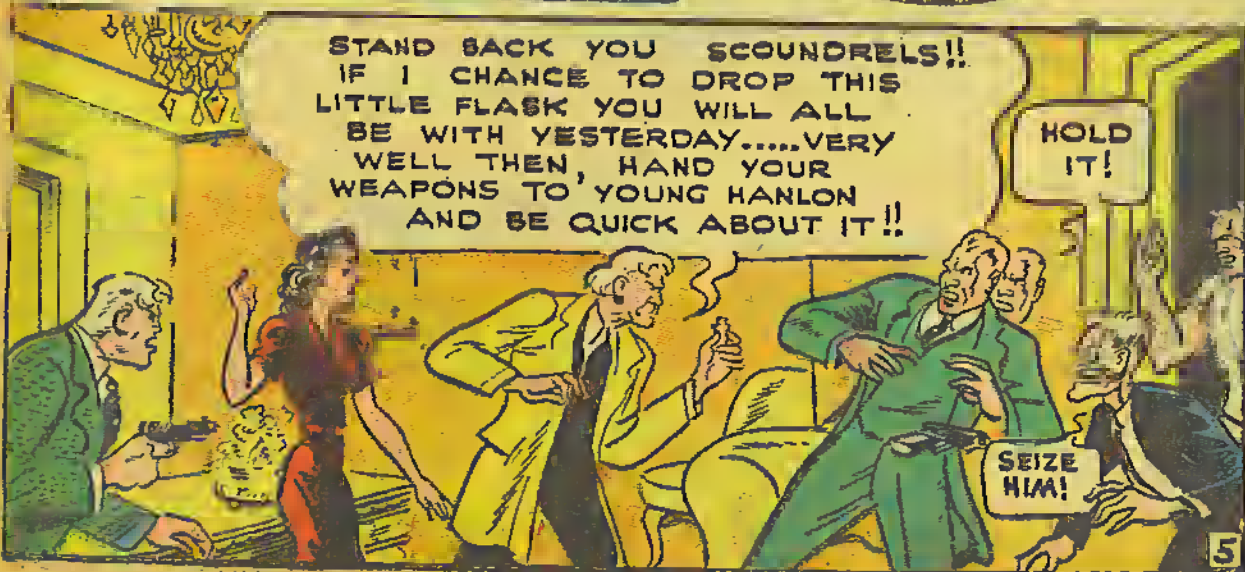
THE OLD SCIENTIST
STEPPED FORWARD..WITH
A TREMBLING HAND HE
RAISED A TINY VIAL OF
CLEAR FLUID....



STAND BACK YOU SCOUNDRELS!!
IF I CHANCE TO DROP THIS
LITTLE FLASK YOU WILL ALL
BE WITH YESTERDAY....VERY
WELL THEN, HAND YOUR
WEAPONS TO YOUNG HANLON
AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!!

HOLD
IT!

SEIZE
HIM!



YOU WERE HERDING
US INTO THAT SIDE
ROOM GET IN THERE
YOURSELVES THE
WHOLE CREW, AND
DON'T TRY TO RUSH
THESE GUNS.....



AFTER THE LITTLE PARTY
HAO MAO'S THEIR
ESCAPE THE COUNTRY
SIDE WAS ROCKED BY
A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION
VON DORN AND HIS MEN
WERE CAUGHT IN
THE TRAP THEY HAD
SET.....



I'M A LITTLE
NERVOUSWHAT
DID THE PROFESSOR
DO WITH THAT LITTLE
BOTTLE...IF HE'D DROP
IT IT'D BE GOOD
NIGHT!! ASK HIM
ABOUT IT.....



I'M AFRAID THAT I
PRACTICED A BIT OF
DECEPTION ON THOSE
SCOUNDRELS...THIS LITTLE
VIAL CONTAINS ONLY
AN OUNCE OF
DISTILLED WATER.....



ANOTHER
ADVENTURE OF
SCOOP HAHLEN IN
OUR NEXT ISSUE..

WINGS BORDON

KNOWN AS AMERICA'S ACE OF THE AIRWAYS IS WINGS BORDON, TEST PILOT FOR THE U.S. ARMY.

WINGS IS CONTINUALLY THE TARGET FOR FOREIGN POWERS' INTEREST IN AMERICAN AVIATION. BY FAIR MEANS OR FOUL THEY ARE ON HIS TRAIL.

WE FIND HIM RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS FROM COL. KNOX WHILE HAVING HIS CHEST BOUND TO RESIST AIR PRESSURE.

THIS BANTAM IS THE LIGHTEST FIGHTING SHIP EVER PRODUCED BY THE ARMY. I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT SIGNIFICANCE IS ATTACHED TO IT, WINGS!

I UNDERSTAND COLONEL!

MEANWHILE, THE MECHANICS GIVE THE PLANE A LAST MINUTE TUNE-UP.

SHE LOOKS SWEET AND ROSY-TIME! SWING 'ER ROUND NOW AND WE'LL TRY IT OUT!

I'VE MADE ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS, L-17! YOUR ORDERS WILL BE CARRIED OUT!

AND THE BANTAM TAKES OFF... MEANWHILE, THEIR OPERATIONS ARE BEING OBSERVED BY A MYSTERIOUS LIT AND HIS HENCHMEN.

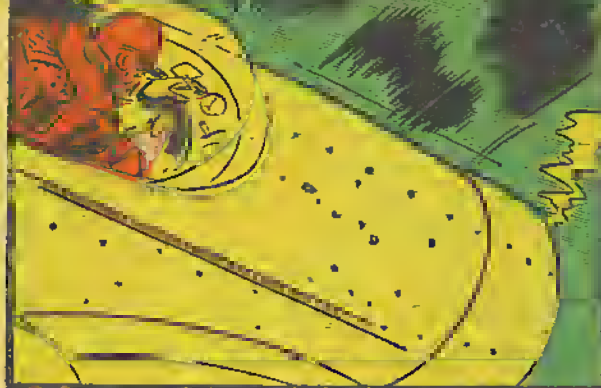
WINGS BORDON MUST BE DESTROYED. HE HAS INTERFERED WITH OUR PLANS TOO LONG. HE IS TOO VALUABLE AN ASSET TO HIS NATION TO REMAIN ALIVE!

WISH ME LUCK, COLONEL!

I WISH YOU MORE THAN THAT, MY BOY. GIVE 'ER EVERYTHING! THIS IS A CRUCIAL TEST!

AND THE BANTAM PLANE TAKES OFF

SHE BEHAVES LIKE A BABY SO FAD,
4,000 FEET. I GUESS I'LL GIVE
HER THE GUN!



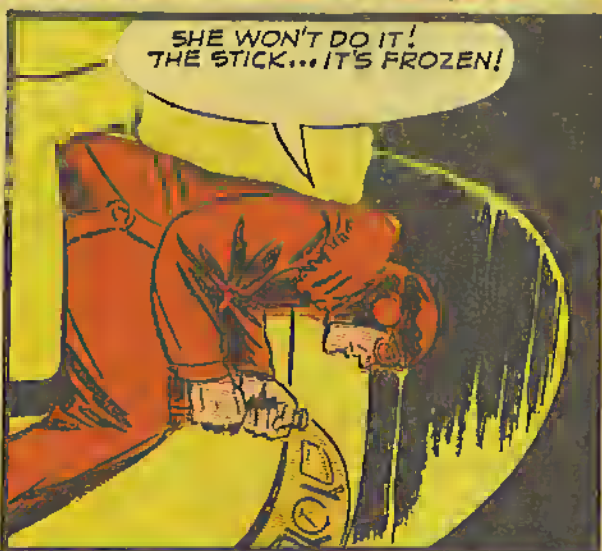
AT A
TERRIFIC
SPEED,
THE
BANTAM
PLANE
DIVES
PERPEN-
DICULARLY
TO THE
EARTH.



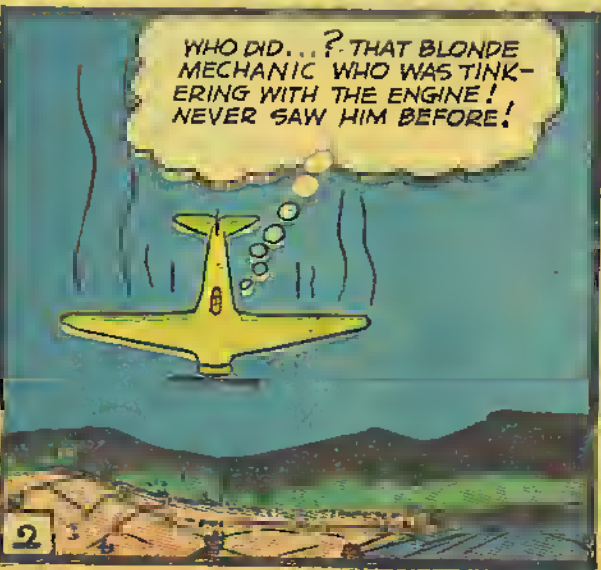
325 MILES
AN HOUR!
LET'S SEE
HOW SHE
PULLS
UP!

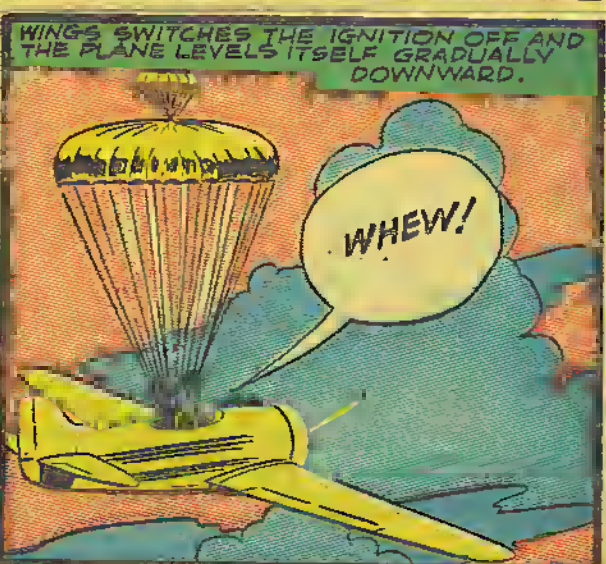
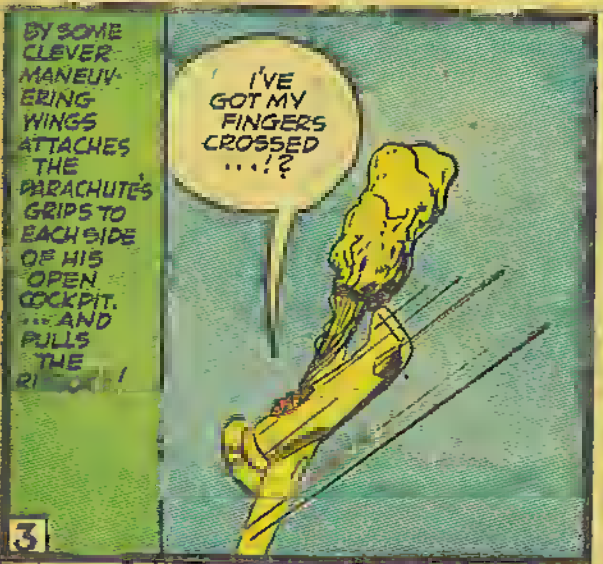
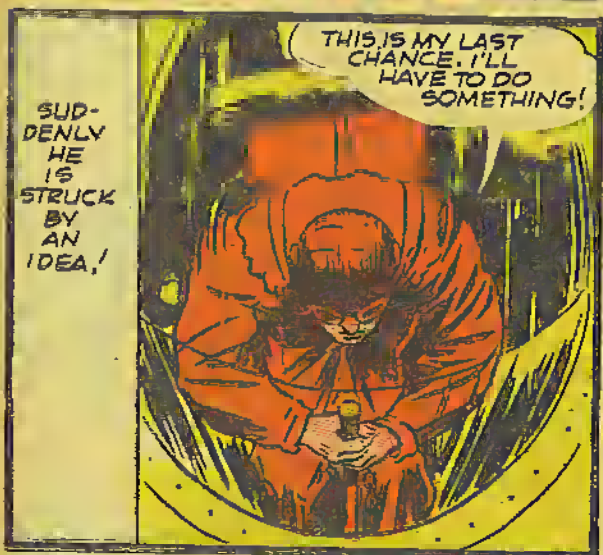
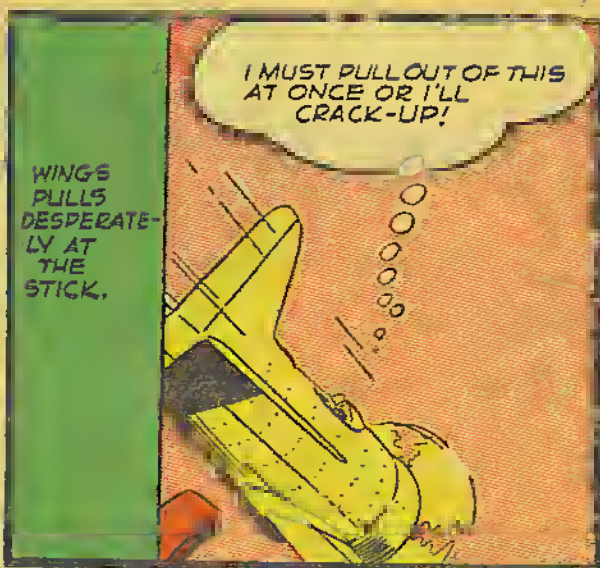
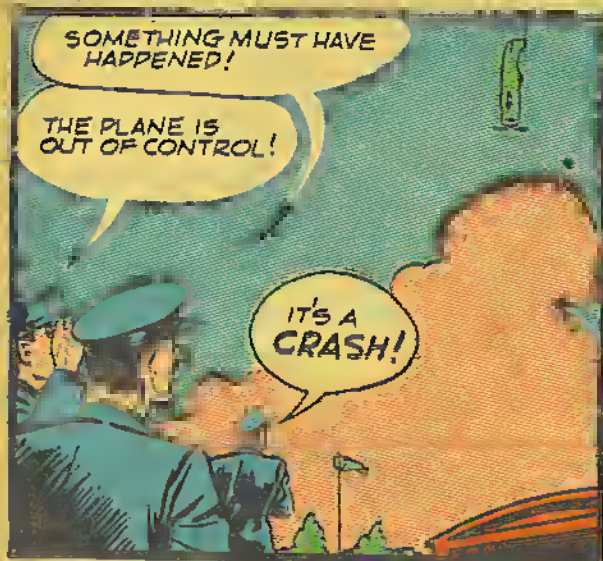


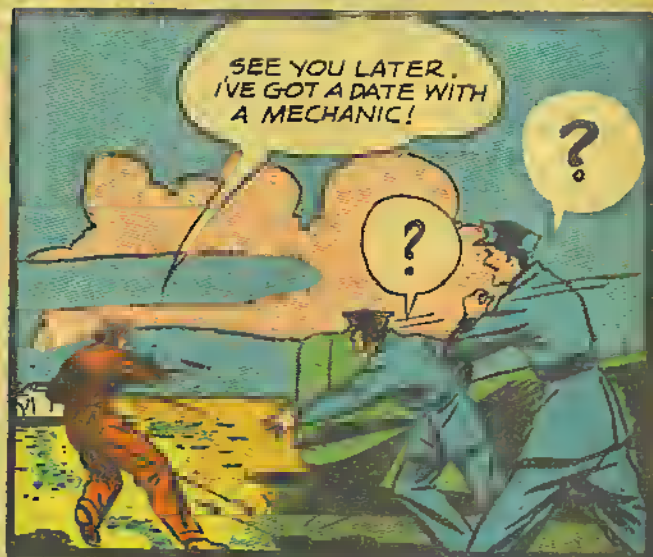
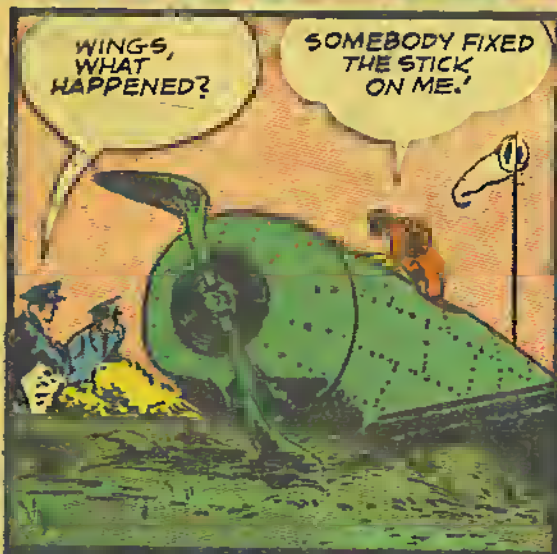
SHE WON'T DO IT!
THE STICK... IT'S FROZEN!

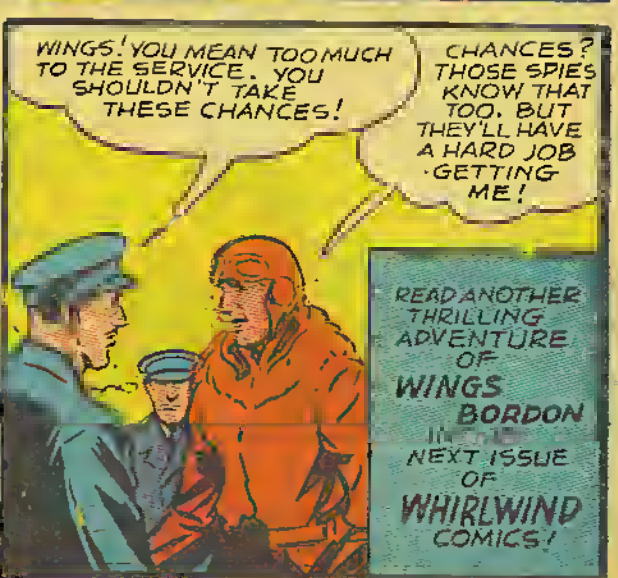
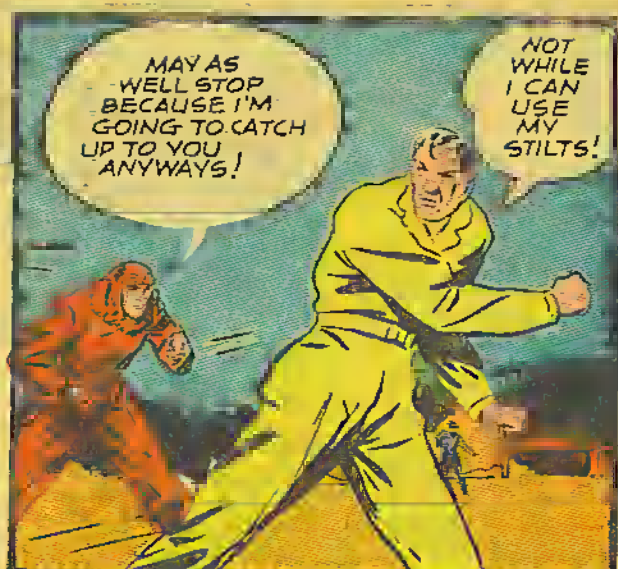
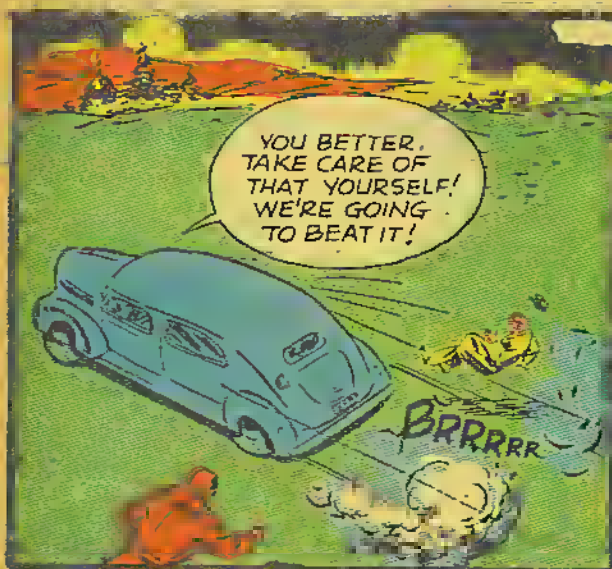


WHO DID...? THAT BLONDE
MECHANIC WHO WAS TINK-
ERING WITH THE ENGINE!
NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE!









"SNAPPER" SMITH

ACE
CAMERA-
MAN

'SNAPPER' SMITH EARNED HIS NICK-NAME BEING ONE OF THE BEST PHOTOGRAPHERS IN THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS. HIS SCOOPS WERE THE ENVY OF PHOTOGRAPHERS ON RIVAL SHEETS. JUST AS A REPORTER SLOGAN IS "GET THAT STORY!" "SNAPPER'S" WAS "GET THAT PICTURE!" A BETTER LENS-MAN NEVER CLICKED A SHUTTER FOR THE MORNING BLADE.

BANG!
BANG!

SNAPPER, THE D.A.'S GOT MIKE NILES IN THE TOMBS ON A MURDER RAP. WE'VE GOT A BIG STORY BREAKING ON THE FRONT PAGE, AND IT WOULD BE A FEATHER IN THE BLADE'S CAP IF YOU CAN GET A PICTURE OF HIM! IF YOU DO, RUSH BACK FOR THE FIVE STAR EDITION!

AND SO SNAPPER ENTERS THE TOMBS, HOPING HE MAY SOMEHOW SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETE HIS NEW ASSIGNMENT

BUT I'M TELLING YOU, SNAPPER, NILES DOESN'T WANT TO SEE ANY PHOTOGRAPHERS, HE HATES 'EM!

I'LL CHANGE HIS OPINION. LEAD THE WAY CALLAHAN!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT NOT GETTING THE PICTURE. I HOPE YOU DON'T GET A CRACKED SKULL!

I'VE GOT TO TAKE MY CHANCES. THAT'S WHAT THE BLADE IS PAYING ME FOR!



WELL, HERE HE IS.
DON'T SAY I DIDN'T
WARN YOU!



GET OUT OF
HERE! NOBODY'S
TAKIN' MY
PICTURE,
SEE!

BUT MR. NILES,
I'M FROM THE D.A.'S
OFFICE. WE ONLY HAVE
OLD PICTURES OF YOU
IN THE FILES AND I'VE
BEEN ASSIGNED TO
GET SOME NEW
ONES OF YOU!

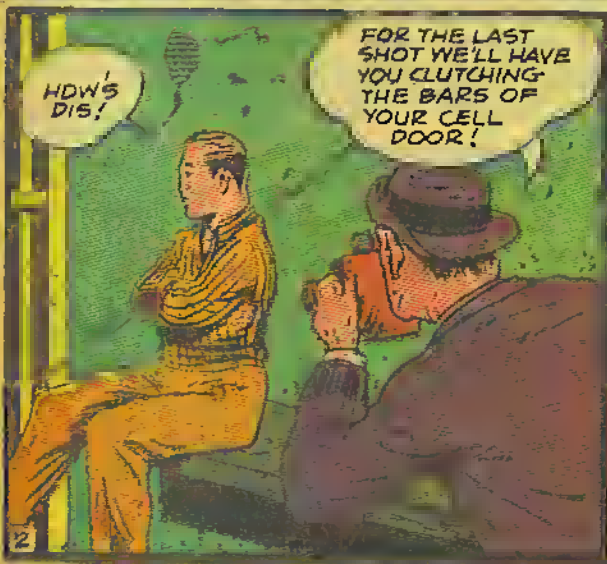


THE D.A.'S OFFICE, HUH!
OKAY-OKAY, HOW DO
YOU WANT ME TO
POSE? MAKE IT
SNAPPY, I'M
EXPECTING
VISITORS!

SUPPOSE WE
START WITH
A FULL FACE!



THAT'S FINE!
NOW SUPPOSE
YOU SHOW
ME YOUR
PROFILE!



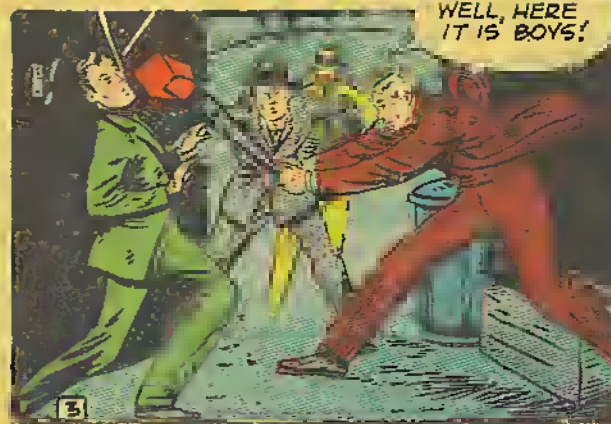
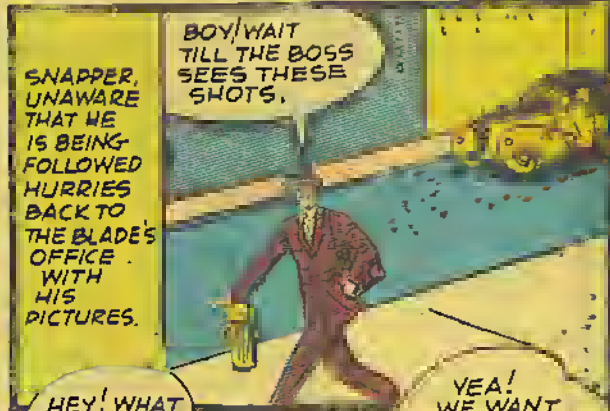
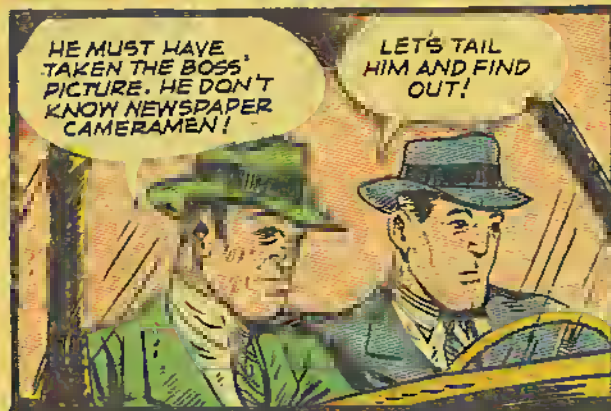
HDW'S
DIS!


FOR THE LAST
SHOT WE'LL HAVE
YOU CLUTCHING
THE BARS OF
YOUR CELL
DOOR!




SAY, THAT'S A FUNNY
KIND OF A PICTURE
FOR THE D.A.!

OH NO! HE
APPRECIATES
GOOD
PHOTOGRAPHY.
HOLD STILL NOW!







LOOKS LIKE YOU
REALLY MEAN
BUSINESS WITH
A GUN!




DON'T GET
TOUGH, WISE
GUY! HAND
OVER THAT
CAMERA!




ALL RIGHT, BUT
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO
WITH IT?




THIS IS WHAT
I'M GOING TO
DO WITH IT!



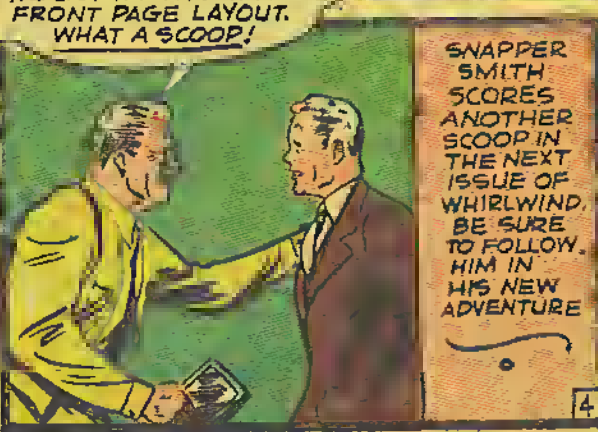
GO ON NOW, BEAT IT.
BEFORE I CHANGE MY
MIND. MAYBE YOU
DIDN'T HAVE THE
BOSS' PICTURE IN
YOUR CAMERA, BUT
I AIN'T TAKING
NO CHANCES.



SNAPPER! WHERE'S
YOUR CAMERA?
DIDN'T YOU
GET A PICTURE
OF MIKE
NILES?



SURE, I
GOT THREE
BEAUTIES, BUT
I RAN INTO
SOME OF HIS
GANG AND
THEY
SMASHED
MY
CAMERA!



SNAPPER, YOU'RE A SWEET-
HEART, THREE EXCLUSIVE
PICTURES OF MIKE NILES.
WE CAN TIE INTO THAT
FRONT PAGE LAYOUT.
WHAT A SCOOP!



WH-WHAT'S THIS?

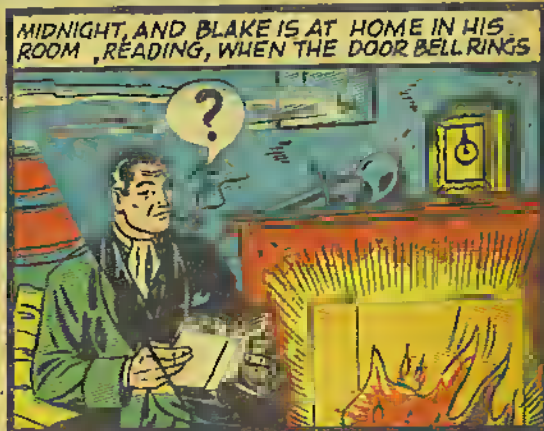
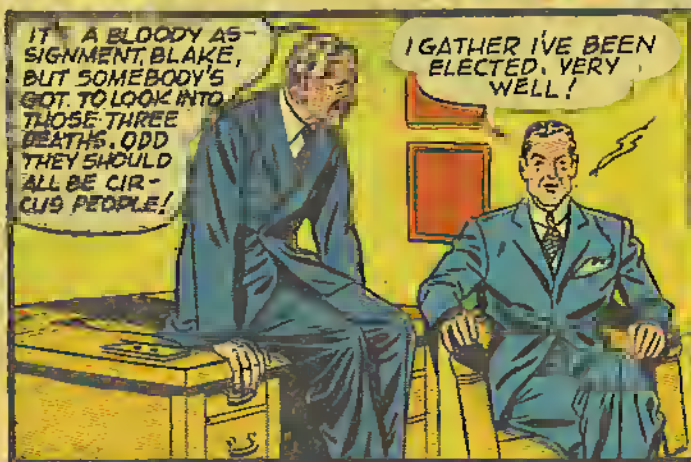
THEY SHOULD
HAVE SEARCHED ME
FOR THE PLATES. I
PUT THEM IN MY
POCKET BEFORE
I LEFT THE TOMBS!

SNAPPER
SMITH
SCORES
ANOTHER
SCOOP IN
THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
WHIRLWIND.
BE SURE
TO FOLLOW
HIM IN
HIS NEW
ADVENTURE

INSPECTOR BLAKE

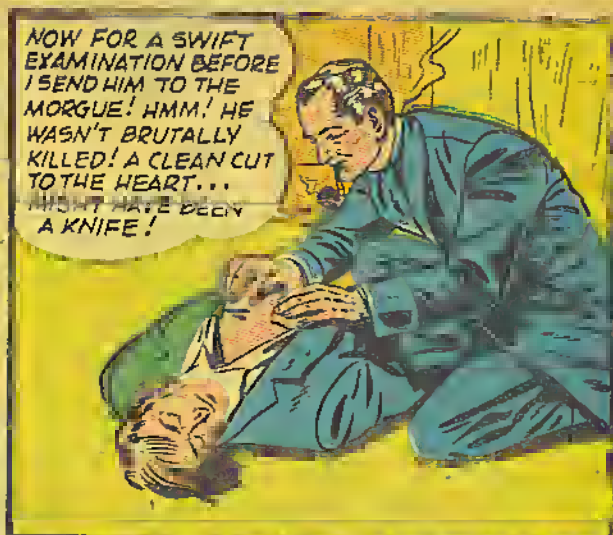
SUPER-SLEUTH OF SCOTLAND YARD

SUCCESSOR TO THE MANTLE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, INSPECTOR BLAKE IS INDISPUTABLY RECOGNIZED AS THE YARD'S FOREMOST DETECTIVE. LATE ONE EVENING, HE RECEIVES AN URGENT CALL FROM HIS CHIEF TO COME AT ONCE TO HIS OFFICE.





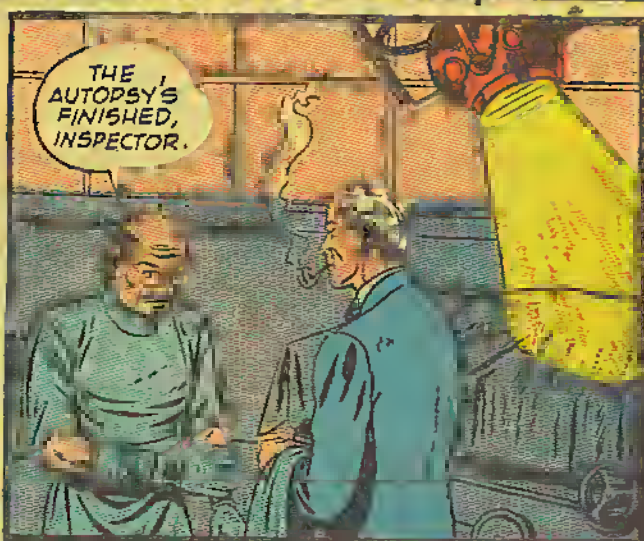
SO HE BROUGHT A MESSAGE TO ME. DON'T MEDDLE. THIS MIGHT BE YOU IF YOU INSIST ON STICKING YOUR NOSE WHERE IT DOESN'T BELONG!"



NOW FOR A SWIFT EXAMINATION BEFORE I SEND HIM TO THE MORGUE! HMM! HE WASN'T BRUTALLY KILLED! A CLEAN CUT TO THE HEART... I WON'T HAVE BEEN A KNIFE!



THE BODY OF THE UNIDENTIFIED MAN IS TAKEN AWAY TO THE MORGUE.



THE AUTOPSY'S FINISHED, INSPECTOR.



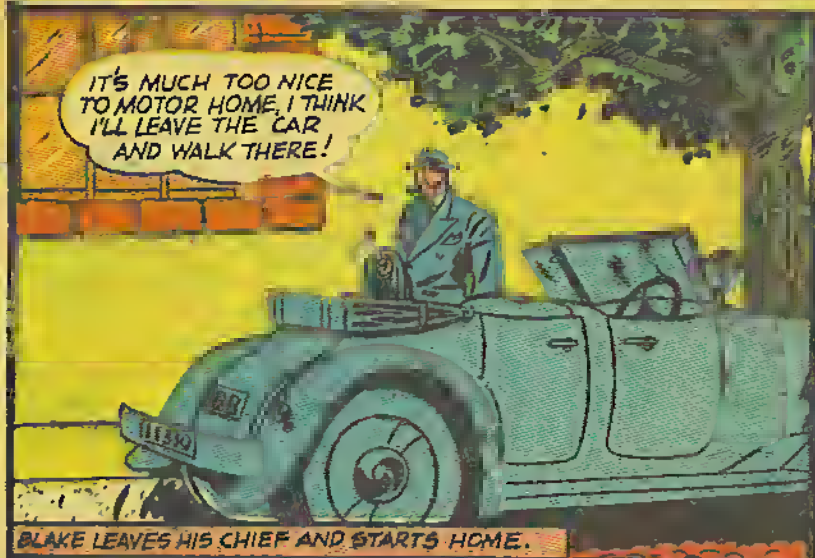
JUST LET ME LOOK AT THE TISSUE SURROUNDING THE HEART. AHA! I THOUGHT SO!



NEXT MORNING AT SCOTLAND YARD.

I HAVE A THEORY, SIR. I BELIEVE I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

FORGET THE WHOLE THING. IT'S TOO DANGEROUS, AND I DON'T WANT TO RUN THE RISK OF LOSING YOU!



IT'S MUCH TOO NICE
TO MOTOR HOME, I THINK
I'LL LEAVE THE CAR
AND WALK THERE!

BLAKE LEAVES HIS CHIEF AND STARTS HOME.



AH, THERE GOES THE IN-
SPECTOR... HE KNOWS HE
SHOULDN'T
LEAVE HIS
CAR IN
FRONT OF
THE YARD.
I'LL HAVE
TO
MOVE
IT ME-
SELF!



THE WINCENT BOBBY ENTERS THE CAR AND
STEPS ON THE ACCELERATOR WHEN...

BANG



THE CHIEF WILL HAVE
TO RISK LOSING ME BE-
CAUSE I'M GOING TO GET
THAT MURDERER IF IT'S
THE LAST THING I DO!



I'LL WAIT UNTIL
THE SHOW IS OVER
AND EVERYONE'S
GONE! I THINK I
KNOW THE MAN
I WANT!

THAT NIGHT AT THE CIRCUS



JUST
A FEW
MORE FEET TO
THE TRAPEZE
PLATFORM
NOW!

AND IN A FEW MINUTES....



YOU PAY ME, RINALDO,
MY TWENTY POUNDS
OR I KEEL YOU...
I GAT YOU THEES
JOB AND NOW I
WANT MY PAY!

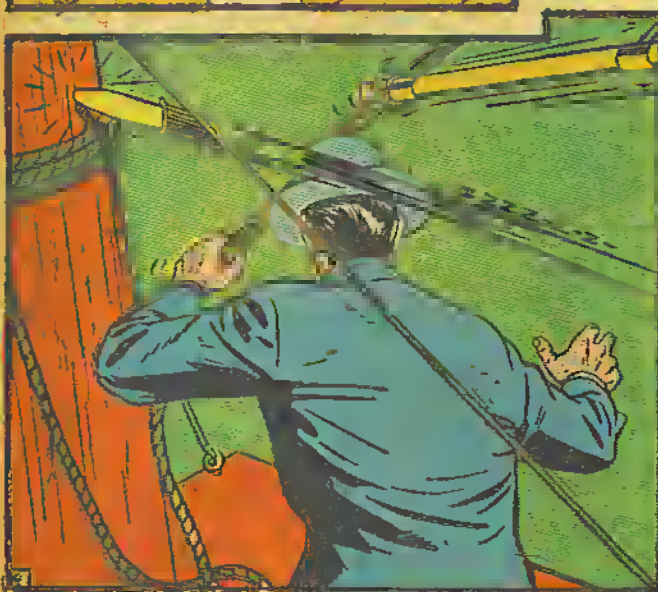
BUT, I
HAVEN'T THE
MONEY NOW!

...TWO SHOWPEOPLE STROLL IN.

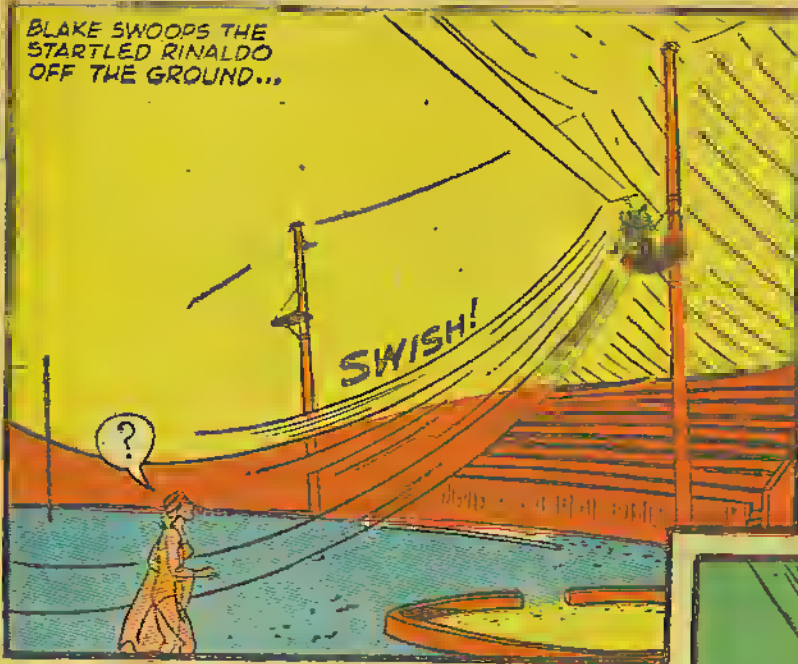
ROT! I KICKED
OVER THE
RESIN BOX!

WHO EEZ THAT?
AH, I SEE HEEM
UP THERE!

CRASH!!



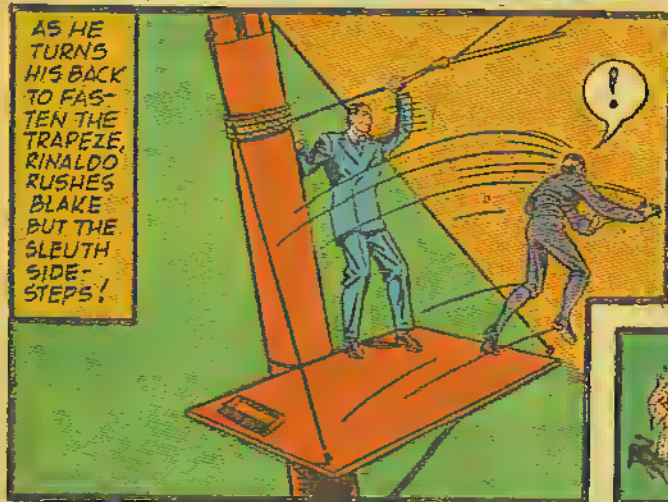
BLAKE SWOOPS THE
STARTLED RINALDO
OFF THE GROUND...



THERE! THAT'LL
HOLD YOU FOR
A WHILE!



AS HE
TURNS
HIS BACK
TO FASTEN
THE TRAPEZE,
RINALDO
RUSHES
BLAKE
BUT THE
SLEUTH
SIDE-
STEPS!

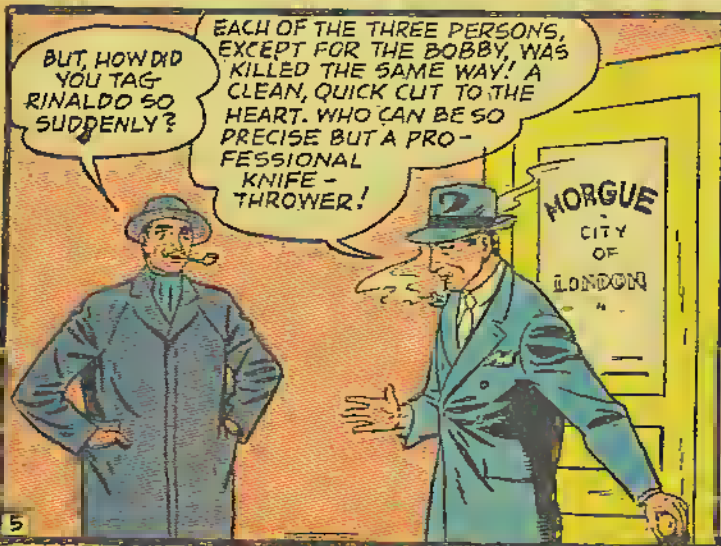


OOOOOOH!



BUT, HOW DID
YOU TAG
RINALDO SO
SUDDENLY?

EACH OF THE THREE PERSONS,
EXCEPT FOR THE BOBBY, WAS
KILLED THE SAME WAY! A
CLEAN, QUICK CUT TO THE
HEART. WHO CAN BE SO
PRECISE BUT A PRO-
FESSIONAL
KNIFE -
THROWER!

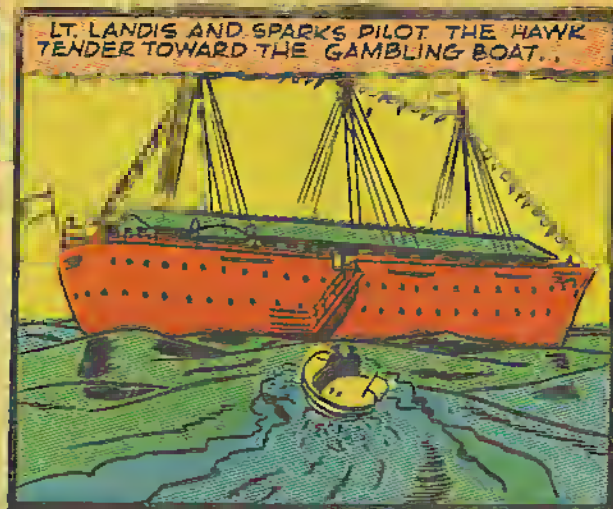


YOU KNEW
THE CIRCUS
WAS IN TOWN.
SO YOU
WENT THERE?

EXACTLY! BUT I HAD
OTHER EVIDENCE OF
IT BEING A KNIFE
THROWER. UNDER A
MICROSCOPE A FEW
GRAINS OF WOOD
WERE FOUND WHERE
THE KNIFE LODGED.
AND A MAN
LIKE RINALDO
USES A
BACK
BOARD FOR
HIS ACT!



WATCH FOR THE NEXT ADVENTURE OF
INSPECTOR BLAKE IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF WHIRLWIND COMICS!





YOU DON'T MIND IF I
LEAVE YOU, CAPTAIN.
I'M TAKING YOUR
SAILOR BOYS ALONG
SO YOU WON'T
TAKE ANY SHOTS
AT ME!

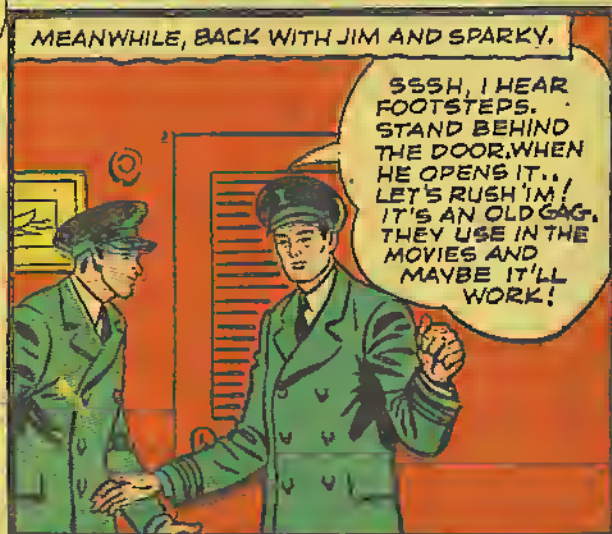


TAKE CARE OF THOSE
VISITORS IN MY CABIN.
I'M SENDING YOU
BECAUSE I DON'T
WANT THEM TO
THINK I'M NEGLECT-
ING MY COMPANY!

WE TAKE
CARE OF 'EM FINE,
BOSS! IF THEY
MAKE NOISE... I
SHUT 'EM UP,
QUICK!



SO HE PULLED A FAST ONE
ON ME! AND HE'S RIGHT.
I WOULDN'T LEVEL A
SHOT AGROSS HIS BOW,
WITH MY MEN THERE!
HE'S SHREWD, THAT
CROOK!



MEANWHILE, BACK WITH JIM AND SPARKY.

SSSH, I HEAR
FOOTSTEPS.
STAND BEHIND
THE DOOR WHEN
HE OPENS IT..
LET'S RUSH 'IM!
IT'S AN OLD GAG.
THEY USE IN THE
MOVIES AND
MAYBE IT'LL
WORK!



SAY YOU
SWABS... I'M
GONN'...?

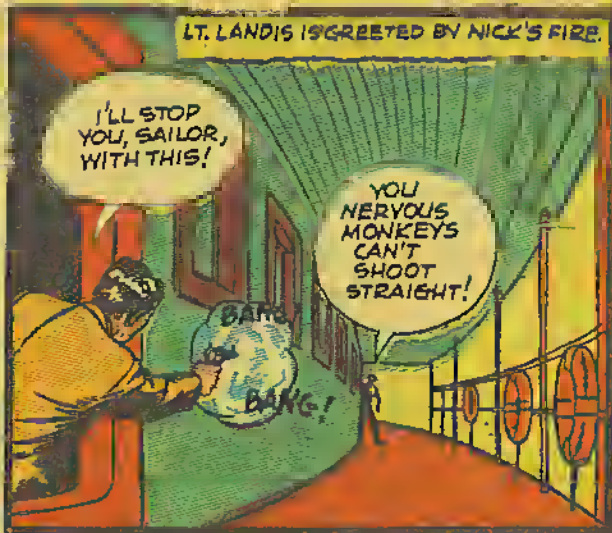
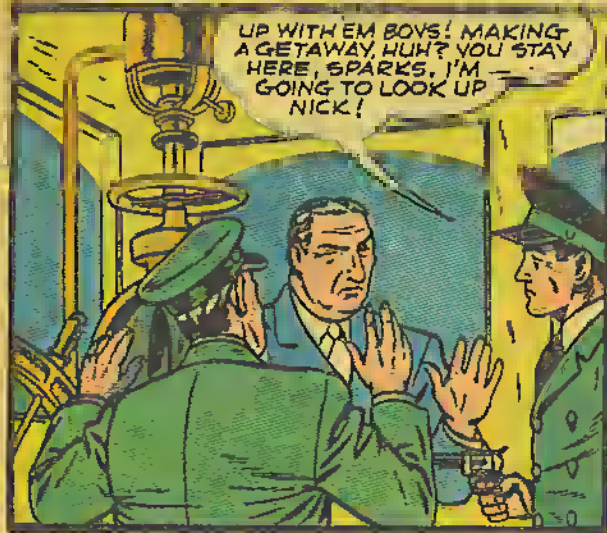
GIVE ME ROOM,
SPARKS. I WANT
TO TAKE A
SWING!



RAC!

OOH!

GET HIS GUN,
SPARKS, WE'RE
ON OUR WAY!



IN THE STRUGGLE, NICK LOSES HIS BALANCE, AND FALLS BACKWARD, ON THE ROULETTE TABLE



THE MOMENTUM OF THE WHEEL, THROWS HIM OFF BALANCE, GIVING LANDIS AN OPPORTUNITY TO CRASH A LEFT.



OW!

AND A RIGHT!



IT'S TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T GET THE BRASS RING, BUT I'LL FORGIVE YOU!



EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL, CAPTAIN. I CONVINCED THEM TO COME ALONG QUIETLY!



TAKE A DEEP BREATH, BOYS. YOU WON'T BE BREATHING FRESH SEA AIR FOR A LONG TIME!



SEE LT. LANDIS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WHIRLWIND COMICS!

REX ROYCE

CAPT. REX ROYCE, STALWART OF THE MOUNTIES HAS BEEN DETAILED TO FIND AND ARREST A RING OF NOTORIOUS COUNTERFEITERS. HE HAS ONLY ONE CLUE. LABORATORY TESTS DISCLOSED THAT THE FAKE MONEY WAS TINTED WITH COAL-DUST.

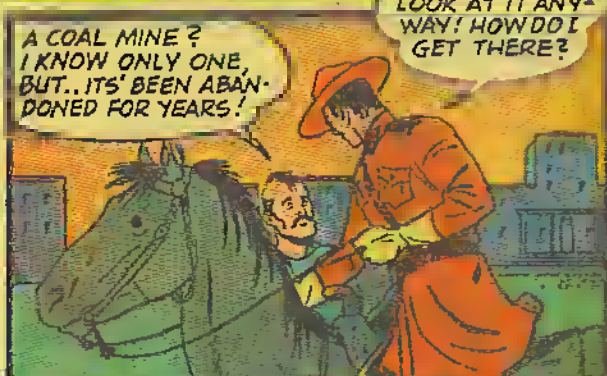


COAL-DUST, EH? THAT SUGGESTS KINGSTON. IT MUST HAVE BEEN MADE IN THAT VICINITY! I SHOULD BE THERE WITH- IN ANOTHER HOUR!



A COAL MINE? I KNOW ONLY ONE, BUT.. ITS' BEEN ABANDONED FOR YEARS!

I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT IT ANY- WAY! HOW DO I GET THERE?



A MOUNTIE! I BETTER GIVE THEM THE WARNING-SIGNAL BELOW!

AS CAPT. ROYCE APPROACHES THE MINE A GUARD WATCHES HIS APPROACH WITH INTEREST...



... AND FLASHES A WARNING WITH HIS SEARCH-LIGHT TO HIS BROTHERS BELOW..!

WE'RE GETTING THE DANGER SIGNAL! SOMEONE MUST BE COMING!



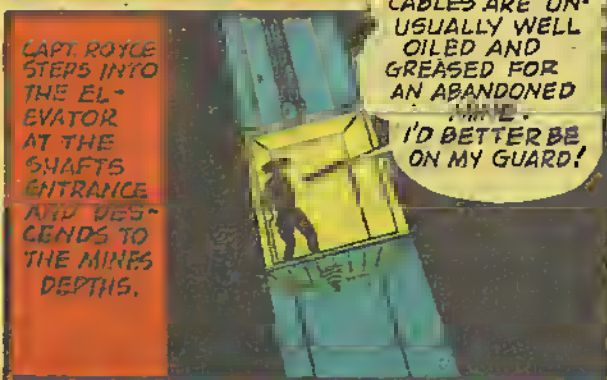
HMM, THE MACHINERY AND CABLES ARE UNUSUALLY WELL OILED AND GREASED FOR AN ABANDONED MINE.

I'D BETTER BE ON MY GUARD!

SEEMS THAT THIS IS IT ALLRIGHT.. AND IT MIGHT STAND A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!



CAPT. ROYCE STEPS INTO THE EL- EVATOR AT THE SHAFTS ENTRANCE AND DES- CENDS TO THE MINES DEPTHS.



ROYCE HAVING
REACHED
THE BOTTOM
OF THE SHAFT
LEAVES THE
ELEVATOR AND
STARTS TO
EXPLORE
THE
MINE



CAN'T SEE A
THING, MAYBE I
HAD BETTER PUT
ON THIS LIGHT!

BUT
THE
MOMENT
HE CLICKS
ON HIS
LIGHT-



SOMEHOW THEY'VE
BEEN TIPPED OFF
THAT I'M HERE
WHAT'S THAT I SMELL?
INK? I'LL HAVE TO
CRAWL AROUND TO
THE REAR AND
SURPRISE THEM!



SO YOU WANT
TO PLAY ROUGH?
DON'T GIVE IT, IF
YOU CAN'T
TAKE IT!



SUDDENLY
FROM OUT
OF THE
DARKNESS
A GUN BUTT
SWISHES
PAST
CAPT
ROYCE'S
HEAD.



QUICKLY
SUBDUING
THE GUARD
REX
ROYCE
SEARCHES
THE MINE
AND
COMES
UPON A
SHAFT.
ON THE
LEVEL
BELOW
HE SEES
THE
COUNTER-
FEITERS
AT
WORK



I'LL WAIT
UNTIL I'M
COMPLETELY
BEHIND THEM!

ROYCE FINDS A FORGOTTEN TUNNEL WHICH CIRCLES AROUND TO THE REAR OF THE COUNTERFEITERS.

I MUST BE GETTING CLOSER. I CAN SMELL THE INK!



THE TUNNEL ENDS IN THE ROOM IN WHICH THE MEN ARE WORKING.



PUT UP YOUR HANDS IN THE NAME OF THE KING!



OKAY RED-COAT. GUESS YOU GOT US!



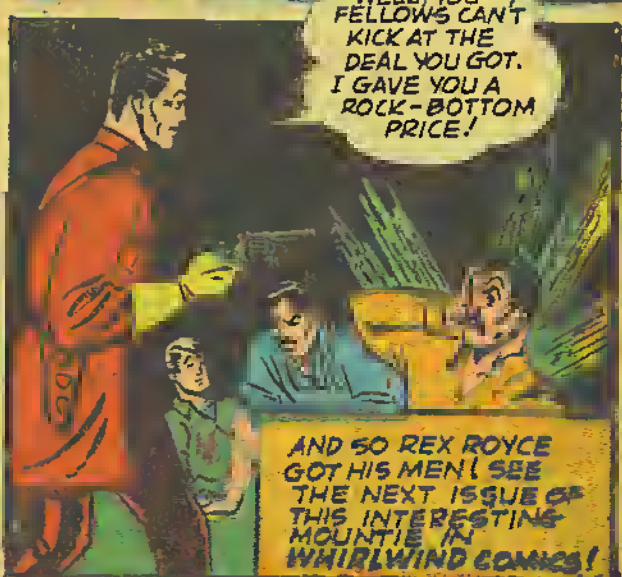
BUT THE LEADER OF THE OUTLAWS WHIPS OUT HIS REVOLVER AND SHOOTS.



HIS HENCHMEN DIVE BEHIND COVER AND FIRE AT THE MOUNTIE.



THE COUNTERFEITERS' GUARD WHOM ROYCE STRUCK, REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AND FOLLOWS HIM.



AND SO REX ROYCE GOT HIS MEN! SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS INTERESTING MOUNTIE IN WHIRLWIND COMICS!

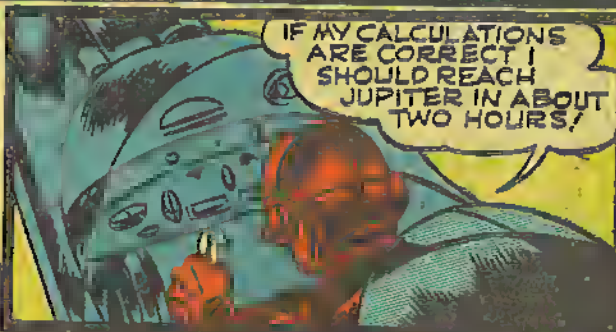
BRUCE BARLOW

CONQUEROR OF THE PLANETS

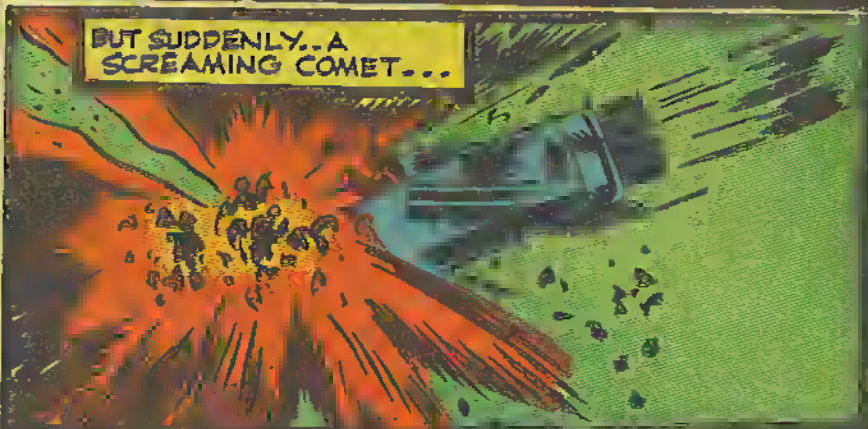
COMETS WREAKING UNTOLD DAMAGE HAVE BEEN CRASHING TO EARTH. A NUMBER OF INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS SCIENTISTS HAVE DETERMINED THAT THE SOURCE IS JUPITER. BRUCE BARLOW, EXPLORER OF THE UNKNOWN, OFFERS HIS SERVICES TO SEE WHAT MIGHT BE DONE TO REMEDY THE SITUATION. THEY EAGERLY ACCEPT. DAWN FINDS BRUCE AT MT. EVEREST IN A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED ROCKET SHIP TO COMPLETE HIS TASK...



WITH A MIGHTY ROAR BRUCE'S SILVER BULLET LEAPS INTO SPACE!



BUT SUDDENLY...A SCREAMING COMET...



WHAT HAPPENED?
OH, I RECALL NOW! I MUST HAVE BEEN HIT BY A COMET!



YOU ARE ON THE PLANET VENUS!

WHO ARE YOU STRANGE MAN?



THE VENUSIANS ARE PUSHED ASIDE BY CORON'S GUARDS

MAKE WAY! MAKE WAY! FOR CORON'S WEDDING PRO-CESSION!

STOP! WHO ARE YOU STRANGER?

I AM FROM THE EARTH. I HAVE COME TO LEARN WHY COMETS PLAGUE OUR PLANET!

I, EMPEROR CORON COMMAND THE COMETS. IT IS I WHO CONTROL THE UNIVERSE! GUARDS! HURL HIM INTO THE DUNGEON! NO ONE SHALL INTERRUPT THIS JOYOUS OCCASION!

THE DUNGEON IS YOUR GRAVE! AND HERE YOU STAY UNTIL YOUR DUST IS THROWN TO THE COSMOS! HA HA!

BRUCE SHARES THE FATE OF ALL CORON'S ENEMIES... LIFE, OR DEATH IN THE DISMAL DUNGEONS!

ANOTHER UN-FORTUNATE!

WHO ARE YOU?

I AM GOLA, THE TRUE EMPEROR OF VENUS! ROBBED OF MY THRONE BY CORON, THE TERRIBLE! HE HAS BURIED ME ALIVE HERE AND PROCLAIMED MY DEATH TO THE PEOPLE!

BUT... DOESN'T ANYONE KNOW?

ONLY MY DAUGHTER VENUS, NAMED AFTER THIS PLANET. HE HAS TORN OUT HER TONGUE TO PREVENT THE TRUTH FROM BEING TOLD!

SO SHE WAS THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO SAT BESIDE CORON! WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE! NOT ONLY TO SAVE OURSELVES, BUT TO SAVE HER TOO!

OH, HOW CAN WE? IF I COULD SEE MY PEOPLE AGAIN THEY WOULD SEE THE TRUTH! THEY WOULD DEFEND ME AND UPHOLD MY REIGN!

THERE MUST BE A WAY!

MEANWHILE, CORON SPEAKS TO AN AIDE -

WHILE GOLA LIVES MY LIFE IS IN DANGER! HE MUST DIE! ON THIS DAY OF MY MARRIAGE HE MUST BE SLAIN!

I SHALL POUR THE HELMACID IN HIS BROTH MYSELF!

MY ENEMY FEEDS ME WELL! MY DISTRESS HAS DESTROYED MY APPETITE, BUT I NEED NOURISHMENT FOR STRENGTH!

DRINK YOUR BROTH
GOLA, AND BE THANK-
FUL YOU'RE GETTING IT!

THANK YOU!

WAIT! IT MIGHT
BE POISONED!
LET'S SEE!

HEY
YOU!

OW! MY
EYES!

HERE! YOU BE
THANKFUL FOR IT
YOURSELF...
YOU YELLOW CUR!

COME ON, GOLA! WE
HAVEN'T A SECOND
TO SPARE! THIS IS
OUR CHANCE!

OOH!...I'M
BLIND!

WHERE SHALL WE GO?
WHERE IS THE
WEDDING TAKING
PLACE?

IT MUST BE AT
THE TEMPLE!

I AM ABOUT TO
UNITE YOU AS
ONE BEING!..



WE DON'T NEED TICKETS! WE'RE USING THE BACK WAY!



WE CAN'T FIGHT ALL THE MEN OUT THERE BY OURSELVES BUT THIS WILL HELP!



THE HUGE ALTAR TOPPLES INTO THE CROWD WITH A TREMENDOUS CRASH!

LOOK OUT! IT'S FALLING!

HELP!



I MUST MOUNT THE STAIRS AND REACH THE BALCONY! THE PEOPLE SHALL SEE ME! THEY'LL HELP ME!

LET'S GO!



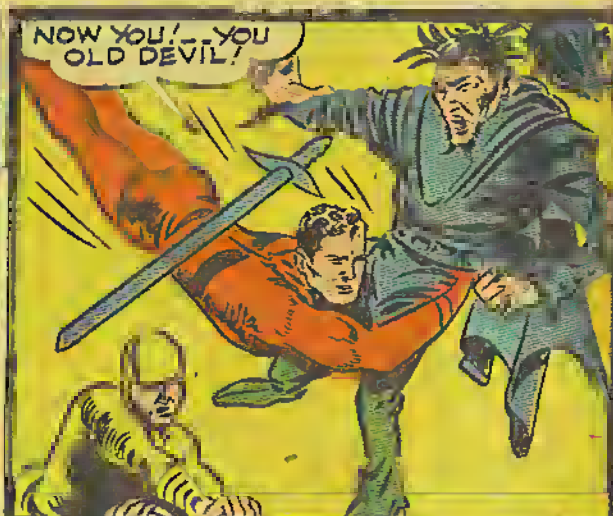
MY DAUGHTER! YOU'RE SAVED! QUICK, COME UPSTAIRS WITH ME!

HERE COME THE GUARDS!



WHERE'S THAT GIRL?

SO, WE'RE GETTING A LITTLE ACTION AFTER ALL! HELLO CORON!





SPY HUNTER

by
Harry Anderson

MACK CORLISS, secret agent, was about ready to give up. He knew that the hideout for the gang of spies and their secret sending set for spreading Un-American propaganda was somewhere along this section of the Bowery, but he had combed alleys and tenements and flophouses for weeks without being able to locate it, or even a clue.

He was on his way back to the local office to report failure, when he heard the quick high yelp of a dog in pain. He turned. Across the street, an elderly woman, whom he had passed everyday in his search, was kicking furiously a ragged little mongrel lying helplessly in the gutter.

Fury mounted within Corliss. He strode angrily across the street, and grabbed the woman's arm just as she raised a stick above her head to strike the quivering dog at her feet.

"Hold it, lady!" Corliss said, "You've done enough to that poor mutt!"

"He upset my pushcart" the old crone muttered in a deep, cracked voice. "I'll kill him!"

"You hit that dog again; and I'll call a policeman and have you locked up!" Corliss said determinedly.

At the mention of the word *police*, the old woman paled and dropped the stick. Muttering, she returned to her pushcart. The little mongrel loped off up the street, tail between flashing legs.

For long moments, Mack Corliss watched the woman shoving her pushcart up the street. He kept puzzling to himself what it was that he had noticed that was strange about the old woman's attire.

Something had caught his eye, even as he had walked angrily across the street towards her. But in the heat of his emotions, it has completely slipped his mind. Yet this thing kept bothering him, so instead of returning to the office, he followed after the old crone with the pushcart.

Several blocks down, he saw her stop, so Mack quickly dodged into a doorway. Watching through narrowed gray eyes, he saw her put her foot up onto a fire hydrant and re-tie her shoelace. And then he noticed it again. The old woman was wearing ankle-length socks. Men's socks. With this realization, his mind flashed back over the roster of criminals and spies he had encountered in his career, and he found his answer:

He remembered now, too, certain striking features of the old woman. In his mind's eye, he visualized how those features would look under short hair and a man's hat.

"Joe Zero!" he exclaimed aloud. "That's who it is. Joe Zero, the Trylonian spy, disguised as a woman!"

From there he shadowed the disguised spy and his pushcart down to the other end of the Bowery, where it runs into Chinatown. He saw him enter a dirty, narrow alley.

When Mack Corliss reached the mouth of the alley, the spy and his pushcart had disappeared completely. Mack made his way cautiously down the alley until he came to the side door leading into a filthy tenement.

He had gone all through this same house only

the day before, and found no trace of the spy's headquarters.

"But they must be in this building!" he reasoned, and entered the door. He found himself in a dimly lit basement. The pushcart was against the wall, but Joe Zero and his disguise were not in sight.

Then Mack spotted the dumbwaiter. He tiptoed over to it and climbed right into the box-like lift. Slowly, as noiselessly as possible, he hoisted himself up to the second floor, and listened outside the door. He heard the sounds of children, quarreling coming from inside the apartment and knew that wasn't the place.

He hoisted himself to the top of the building and down again, listening at all the doors, but from none of them was there any indication that it was the hideout he was seeking.

Wearily he dropped down to the bottom. Here, all at once he noticed a strange thing. The dumbwaiter didn't stop at the bottom. It went halfway below the exit-door of the first floor.

Excitedly, Mack roped it down further, until he was completely below the basement level. A few more feet down and the dumbwaiter rested on the bottom. Mack put out his hand and encountered a door-handle. He turned the knob. A small door swung open onto a dark passageway.

He crawled through, and crept along through the inky gloom. Here he came to another door. He pressed his ear against it. A voice sounded clearly, it was saying:

"—people of America must revolt. We must all band together, arm ourselves and put out the present

government—"

Mack Corliss didn't wait to hear more. He crashed his massive shoulder against the door. He tumbled into a well-lit room. He drew his gun, pointed it toward a trio of men clustered about radio broadcasting equipment. The man standing before the microphone was Joe Zero.

"Hands high!" Corliss commanded.

"You again," Joe Zero said, as they all raised their hands above their heads. "I didn't think you recognized me."

"I wouldn't have," Corliss replied, "if you hadn't been wearing men's socks. And if you hadn't been mistreating that dog. There's only one person in the world that hates dogs as much as that, and that's you, Joe Zero!"

Abruptly, without answering, Joe Zero reached out his foot and kicked over the table holding the lamp. The room was plunged into instant blackness. Gunfire flashed through the room in stabbing orange streaks. There was the crash and tinkle of broken metal and glass as bullets ripped through the broadcasting equipment. Just as suddenly, the shooting stopped. The only sounds in the room were muffled curses and groans.

Mack Corliss fumbled across the room and found the overhead light switch. The lights flashed on again, revealing the three spys sprawled out across the floor, nursing their wounds.

Mack Corliss walked over and handcuffed them all together. He was more than ever proud that he loved dogs and couldn't stand to see them abused.



DICK BLAZE

FIVE LETTER MAN AT YARDLEY

DICK BLAZE, FIVE-LETTER MAN, IS REPRESENTING HIS UNIVERSITY IN THE USUAL, INTERCOLLEGIATE FENCING TOURNAMENT, THE EPEE DUELS HAVE BEEN RUN OFF, AND JUST BEFORE THE FOIL CLASSES ARE CALLED TO THE MAT TWO COLLEGIANS ARE SEEN TALKING TOGETHER IN A CORNER OF THE GYM.



BUT I CAN'T DO IT, BILL, NOT EVEN FOR \$500. IT'S MURDER!

DON'T BE A SAP, TODD. I'VE TAKEN THE RUBBER BUTTON OFF YOUR FOIL. YOU DON'T HAVE TO KILL HIM. JUST PINK HIM TO TAKE SOME OF THAT CONCEIT OUT OF BLAZE!



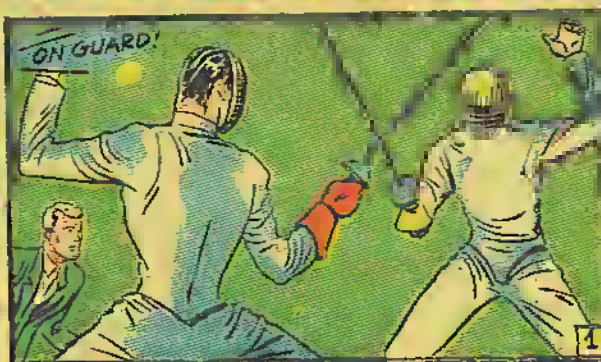
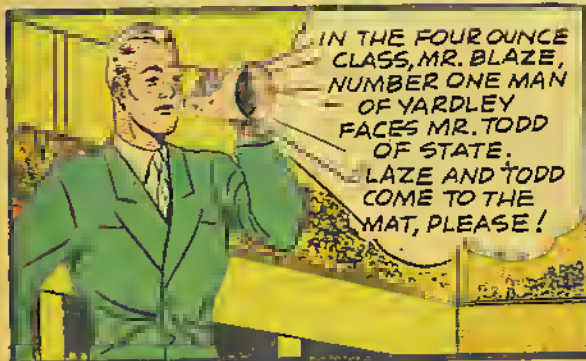
IN ANOTHER PART OF THE GYM THE COACH IS TALKING TO THE UNSUSPECTING BLAZE.

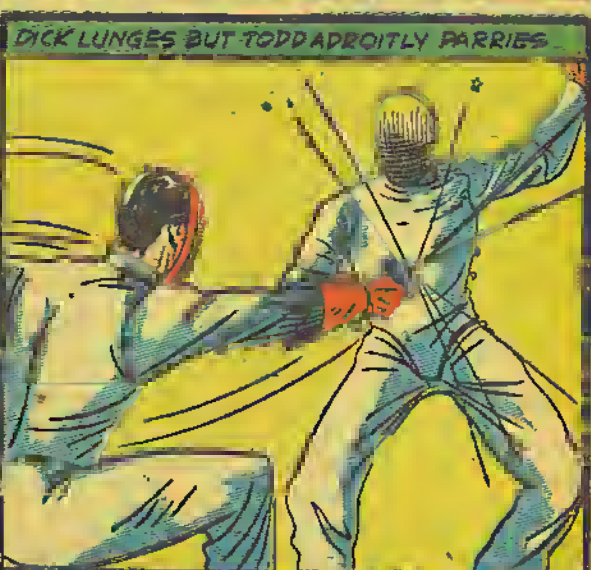
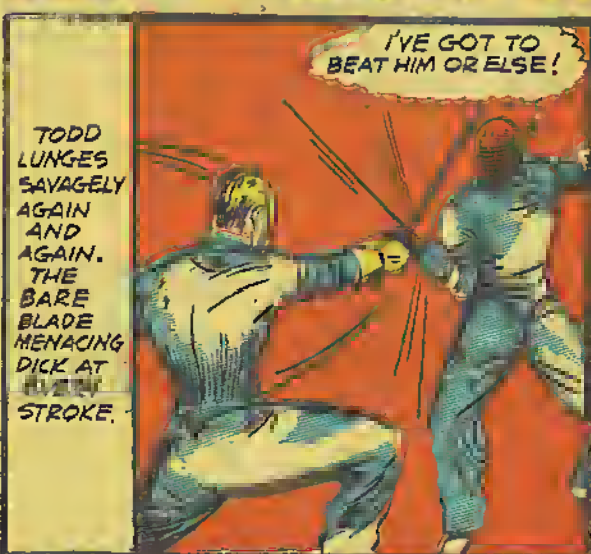
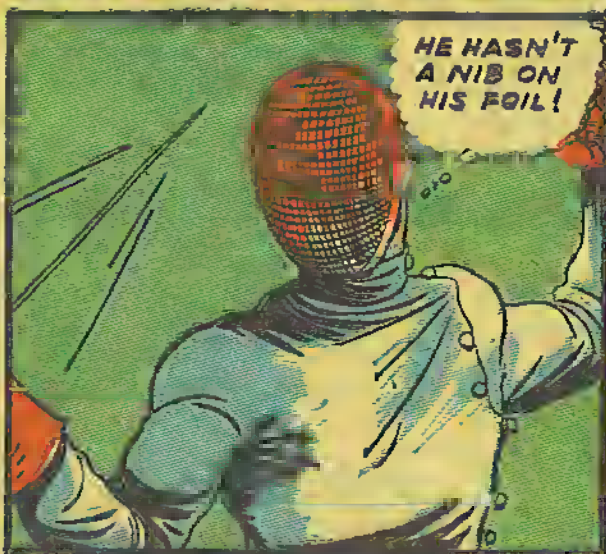
WELL DICK, HERE WE GO!

YEP, IF WE TAKE THIS MATCH, THE TOURNAMENT IS OURS!



IN THE FOUR OUNCE CLASS, MR. BLAZE, NUMBER ONE MAN OF YARDLEY FACES MR. TODD OF STATE. LAZE AND TODD COME TO THE MAT, PLEASE!





THE TWO FENCERS CALL UPON THEIR UTMOST SKILL AS THEY SLASH AND PARRY IN DEADLY EARNEST. THE BRILLIANT SWORD PLAY BRINGS THE CHEERING SPECTATORS TO THEIR FEET.



TODD GATHERS HIMSELF FOR A FINAL EFFORT TO COLLECT THE \$500 OFFERED BY ROGERS

THIS GUY IS GOOD BUT I NEED THAT MONEY
HERE GOES!



SLASHING SAVAGELY TODD ATTACKS DICK AND THE NAKED BLADE THREATENS HIM AT EVERY STROKE.



AS A LAST RESORT DICK CALLS UPON AN OLD TRICK

THERE'S A LITTLE SURPRISE I'VE BEEN SAVING FOR YOU!

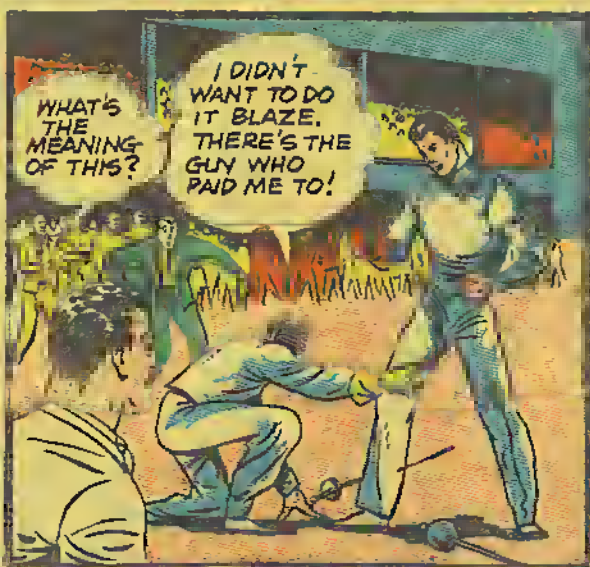


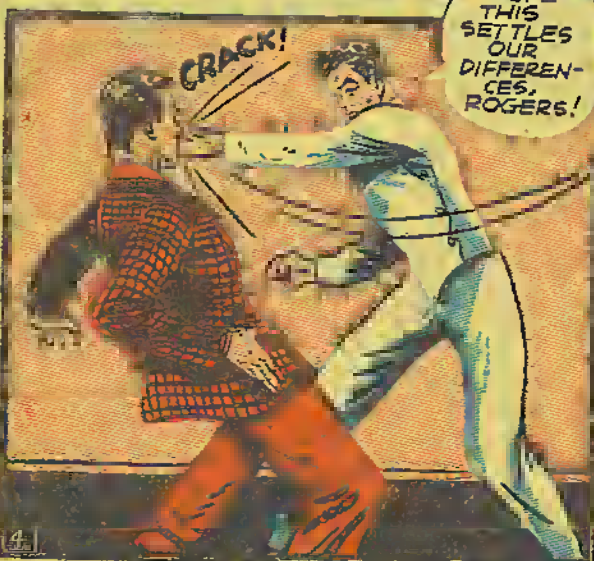
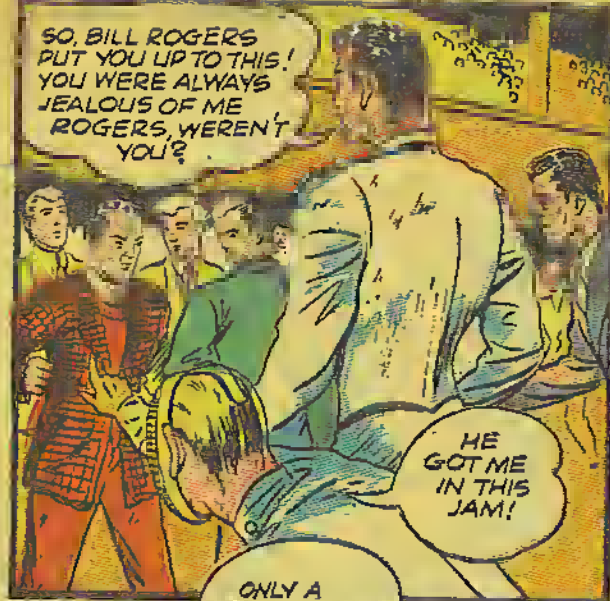
AND HERE'S A TOUCHE YOU DIDN'T EXPECT!



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT BLAZE. THERE'S THE GUY WHO PAID ME TO!





DOODAD

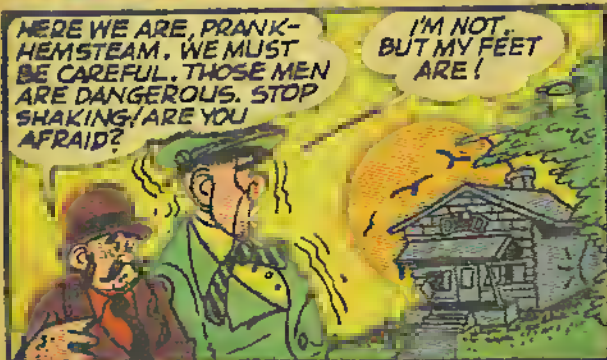
THE DETECTIVE

By
E. Johnson

DOODAD AND HIS NEW ASSISTANT, PRANK-HEMSTEAM, HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO BRING IN A COUPLE OF NOTORIOUS GUN-MEN. THEY APPROACH THE LODGING OF THE MOBSTERS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.

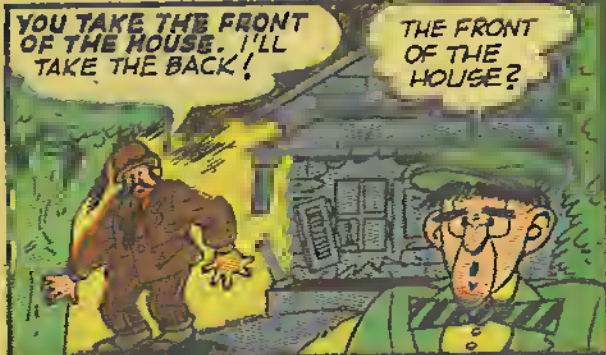
HERE WE ARE, PRANK-HEMSTEAM. WE MUST BE CAREFUL. THOSE MEN ARE DANGEROUS. STOP SHAKING! ARE YOU AFRAID?

I'M NOT, BUT MY FEET ARE!



YOU TAKE THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE. I'LL TAKE THE BACK!

THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE?



DOODAD STEALS HIS WAY TO THE REAR.



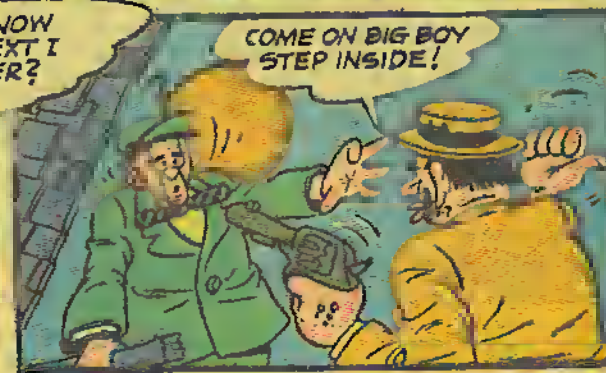
HMMM! GUESS HE KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS!



THERE! NOW WHAT'S NEXT I WONDER?



COME ON BIG BOY STEP INSIDE!



I GOT THIS TIN STAR TOO!

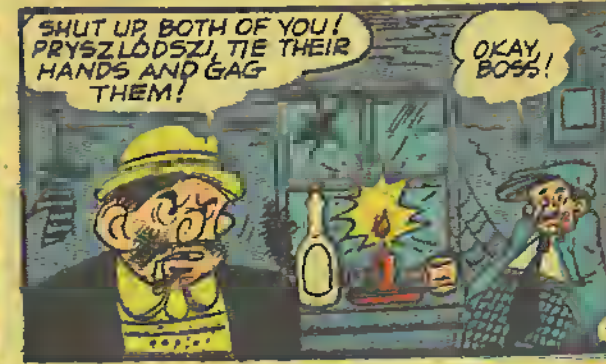
YOU SAP! WHAT WERE YOU TRYING TO DO?

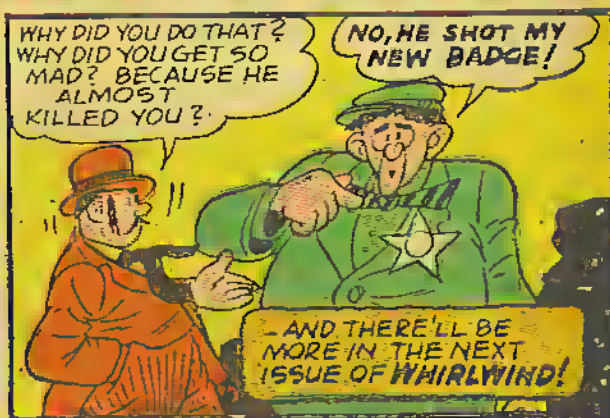
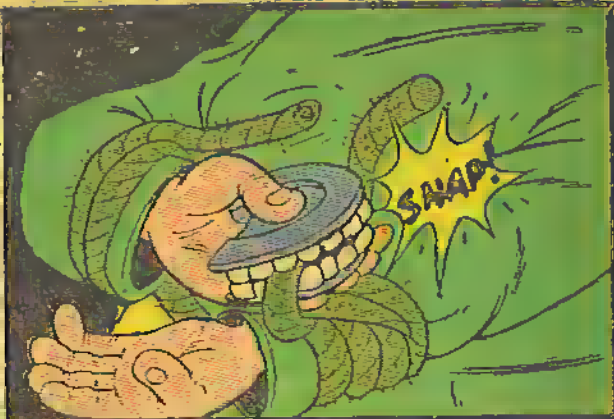
YOU TOLD ME TO TAKE THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE!



SHUT UP BOTH OF YOU! PRYSZŁODSZI, TIE THEIR HANDS AND GAG THEM!

OKAY, BOSS!





SMASH DAWSON

AND THE MAGIC MANDARIN

THE LEOPARD MAY NOT CHANGE ITS SPOTS, BUT BY THE SIMPLE PROCESS OF DONNING THE SACRED ROBE OF THE MANCHUS, LEE CHING, OTHERWISE A HARMLESS IMPORTER IN NEW YORK CITY, BECOMES THE FEARED AND FORMIDABLE "MAGIC MANDARIN." TO FULFILL HIS PURPOSE OF EXTERMINATING THE WHITE RACE, HE EMPLOYS A DYNAMIC STONE OF MAGNETIC POWER INHERITED FROM HIS ANCESTORS. HIS OPPONENT IS SMASH DAWSON, CORRESPONDENT FOR THE N.Y. RECORD.



I HAVE GATHERED YOU MANCHUS IN UPPER NEW YORK STATE FOR ONE PURPOSE. WE ARE TO TAKE STEPS TO DESTROY THE WHITE POPULATION. WE SHALL RESORT TO THE MOST POWERFUL OF WEAPONS, THIRST, THIRST FOR WATER!

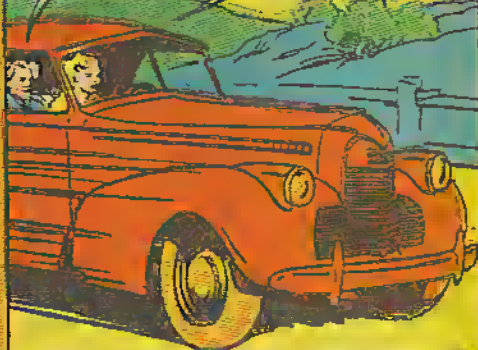
WE SHALL RELEASE ALL THE WATER IN CROTON DAM BEFORE PROCEEDING TO OTHER RESERVOIRS. I HAVE CONSULTED TABLES. RAIN WILL NOT FALL FOR TEN DAYS. THERE WILL BE NO TIME TO REPLENISH THE SUPPLY.

THE INTERIOR OF A DRAB FARMHOUSE IN NEW YORK.

SMASH DAWSON AND SUSAN PRESCOTT ARE DRIVING THROUGH THE COUNTRY-SIDE.

THIS DAY IN THE COUNTRY WILL DO US BOTH GOOD!

WE'VE BEEN DRIVING FOR HOURS. LET'S GET OUT AND WALK!



OH, HEAVENS! I'VE TORN ANOTHER STOCKING. WE'VE BEEN HIKING THROUGH THIS FOR HOURS!

I GUESS WE'RE LOST, BUT, WAIT! THERE'S A FARMHOUSE. LET'S INQUIRE WHERE WE ARE AND HOW WE CAN GET BACK!



MASTER! YOUR ARCH-ENEMY, SMASH DAWSON APPROACHES WITH A GIRL!

THE WHITE DEVIL! HOW DID HE FALL UPON THIS HIDEAWAY? WE SHALL GREET HIM IN AN ORIENTAL FASHION. LET THEM KNOCK, THEN WE'LL HAND THE SITUATION.



AS THEY APPROACH THEY ARE BEING OBSERVED BY THE OCCUPANTS ---

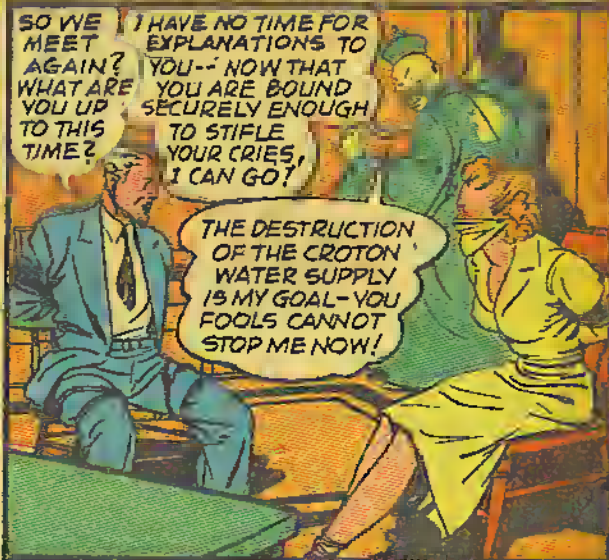
AFTER KNOCKING AND HAVING NO RE-
SPONSE THEY FIND THE DOOR OPEN AND
...TO THEIR SURPRISE....



SO WE MEET AGAIN? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO THIS TIME?

I HAVE NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS TO YOU-- NOW THAT YOU ARE BOUND SECURELY ENOUGH TO STIFLE YOUR CRIES, I CAN GO!

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CROTON WATER SUPPLY IS MY GOAL-- YOU FOOLS CANNOT STOP ME NOW!

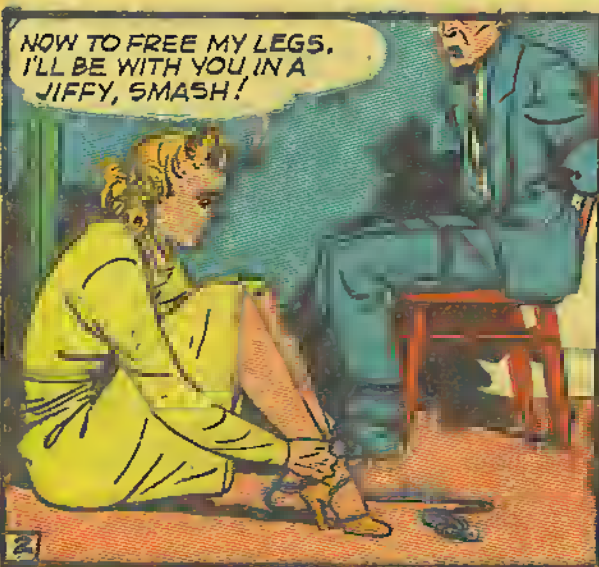


SUSAN SLIPS OFF HER CHAIR AND RUDS HER BOUND HANDS AGAINST THE LEG OF THE TABLE...



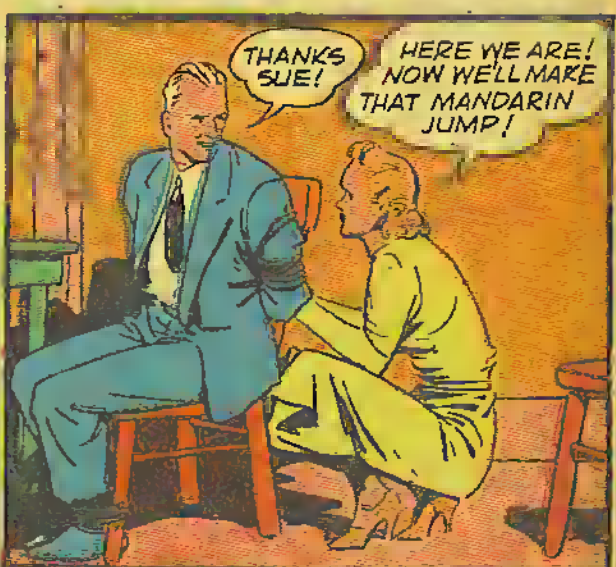
..FINALLY HER EFFORTS ARE REWARDED...

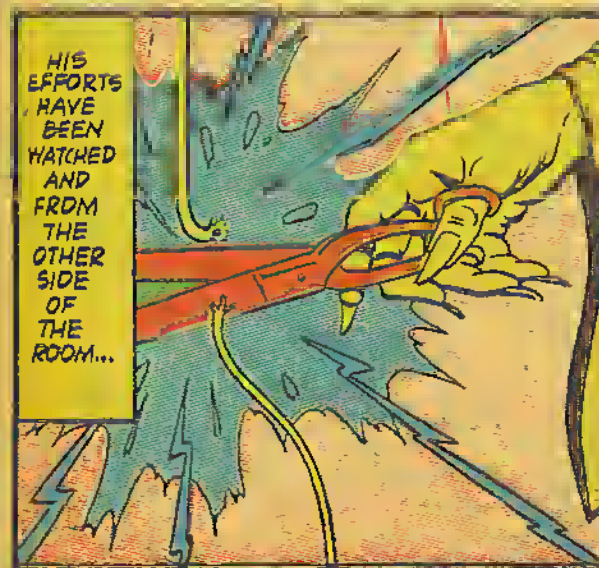
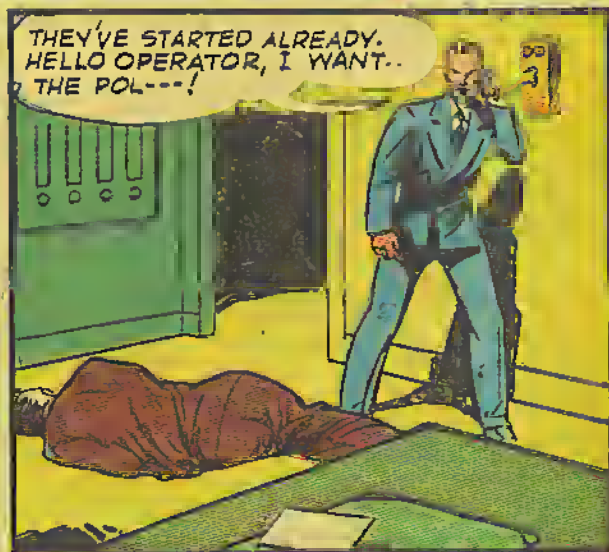
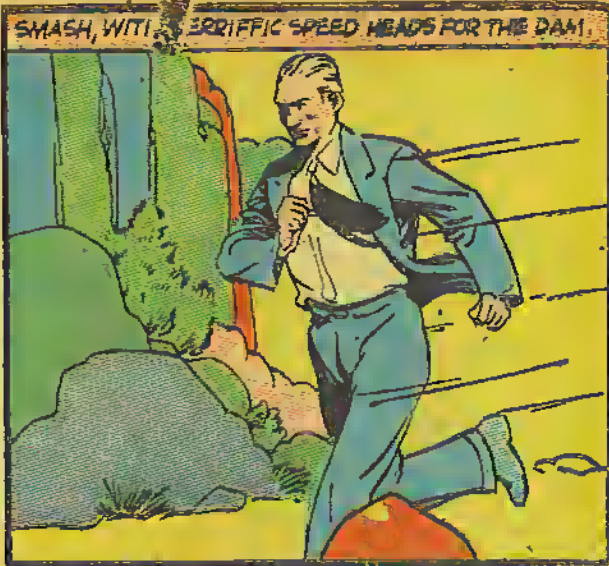
NOW TO FREE MY LEGS. I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A JIFFY, SMASH!

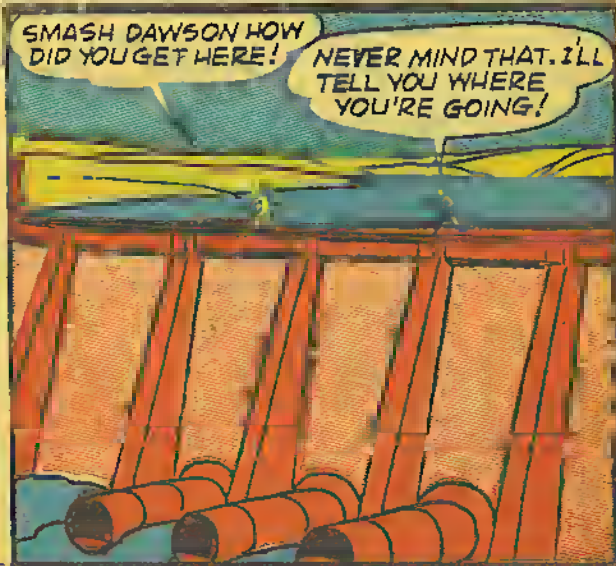
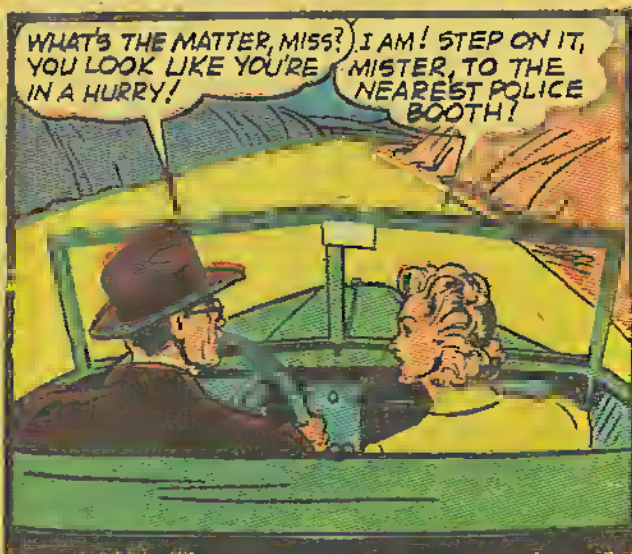
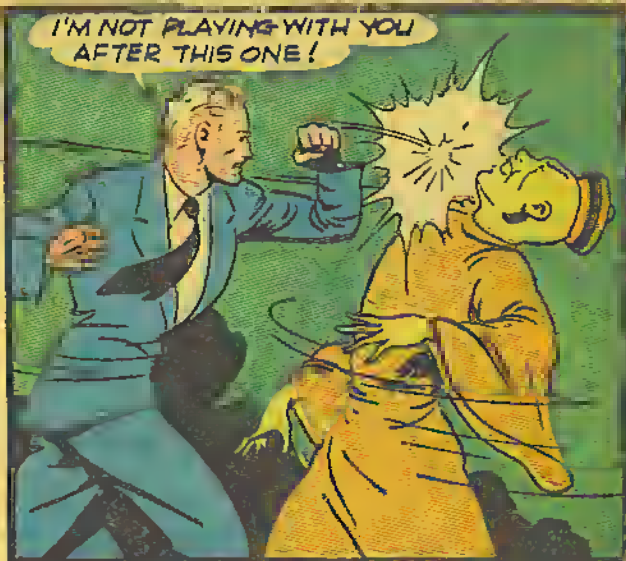


THANKS SUE!

HERE WE ARE! NOW WE'LL MAKE THAT MANDARIN JUMP!







DO YOU THINK YOU CAN HARM ME WHILE THIS STONE IS IN MY POSSESSION!



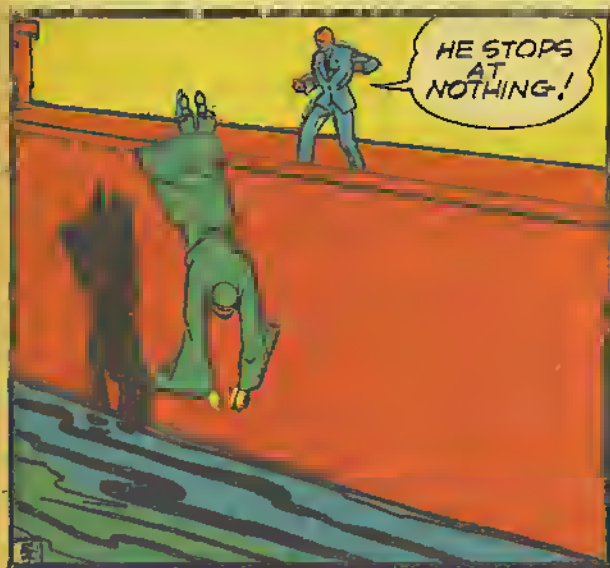
SMASH TRIES TO STRIKE HIM, BUT THE MAGIC MANDARIN SURROUNDS HIMSELF WITH AN INVISIBLE ELECTRIC RAY.

I DON'T HAVE TO TRY. LOOK! BEHIND YOU ARE THE POLICE!



AS THE MANDARIN TURNS HIS HEAD, SMASH HURLS THE LOADSTONE FROM HIS HAND.

YOU'VE HURLED IT INTO THE DAM!



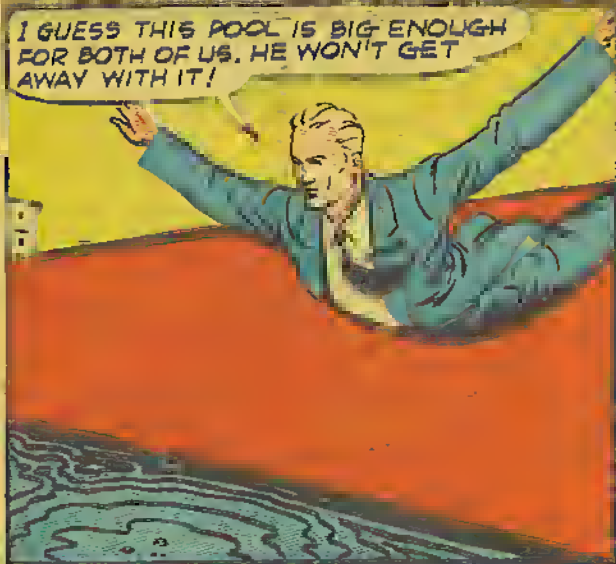
HE STOPS AT NOTHING!

I WONDER WHY THE MASTER HAS NOT SIGNALLED US TO OPEN THE SLUICE GATES! PATIENCE! SUCCESS LIES WITHIN OUR GRASP!

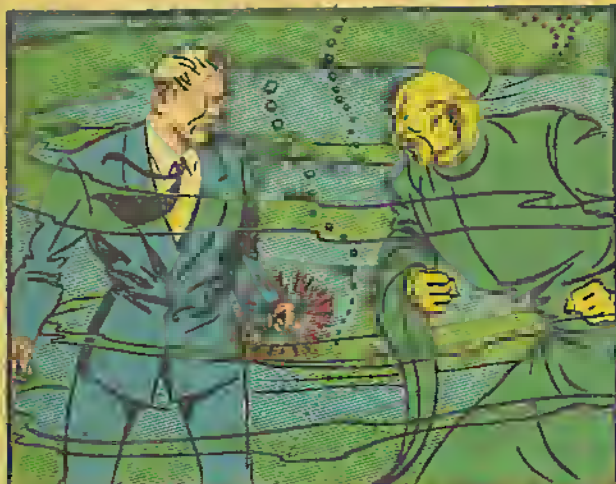
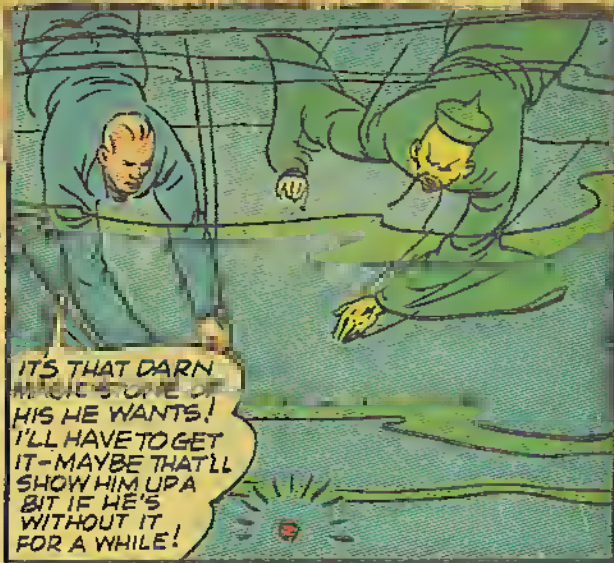


MEANWHILE IN THE CONTROL ROOM!

I GUESS THIS POOL IS BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US. HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

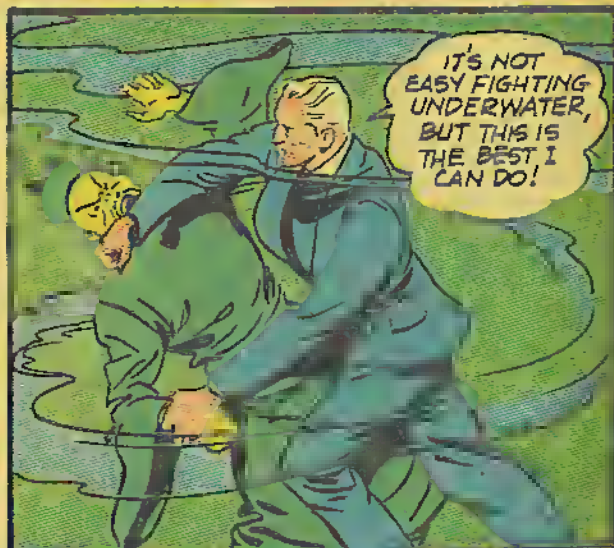


IT'S THAT DARN MAGIC STONE OF HIS HE WANTS! I'LL HAVE TO GET IT - MAYBE THAT'LL SHOW HIM UP A BIT IF HE'S WITHOUT IT FOR A WHILE!



SMASH GETS THERE FIRST AND AN UNDERWATER FIGHT ENSUES.

IT'S NOT EASY FIGHTING UNDERWATER, BUT THIS IS THE BEST I CAN DO!

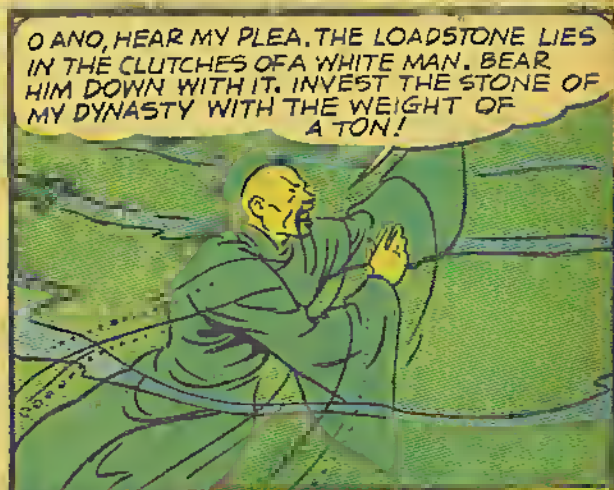


MAYBE THAT'LL HOLD HIM!

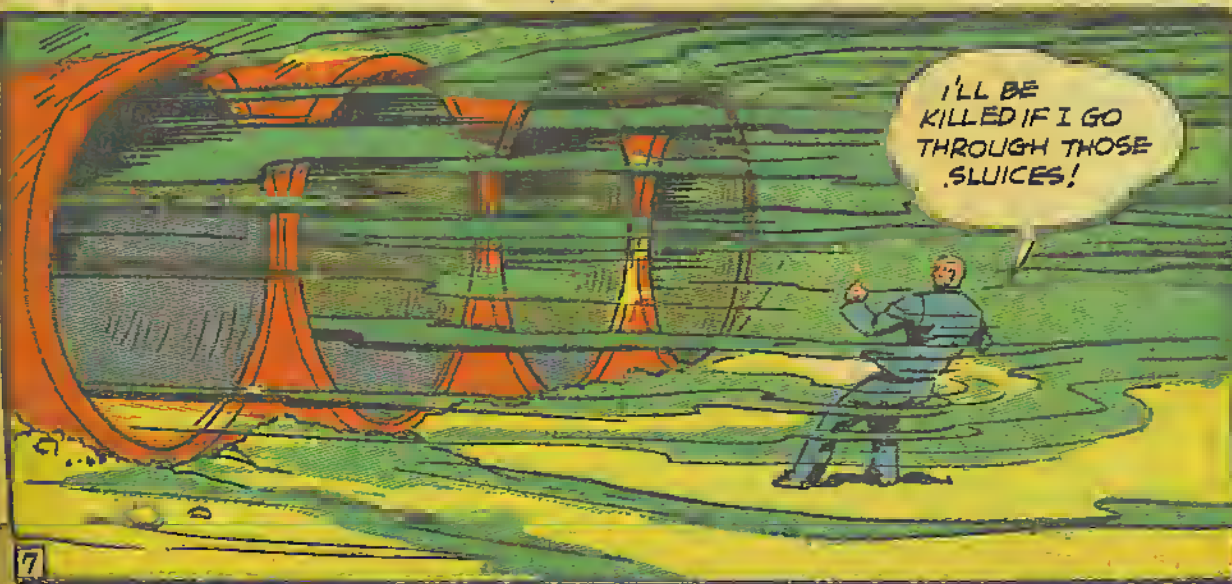
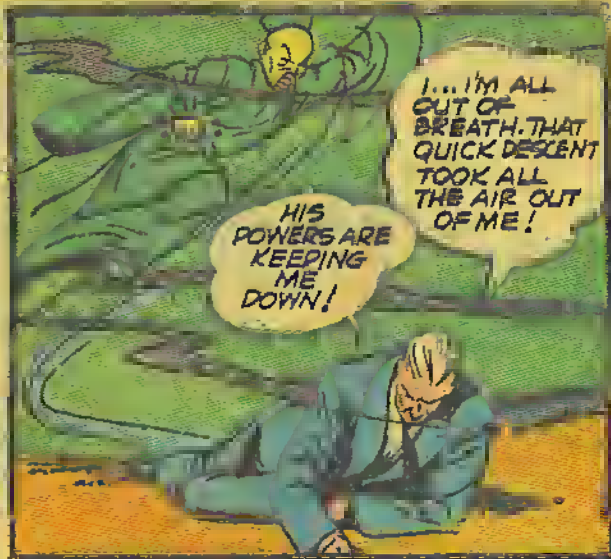


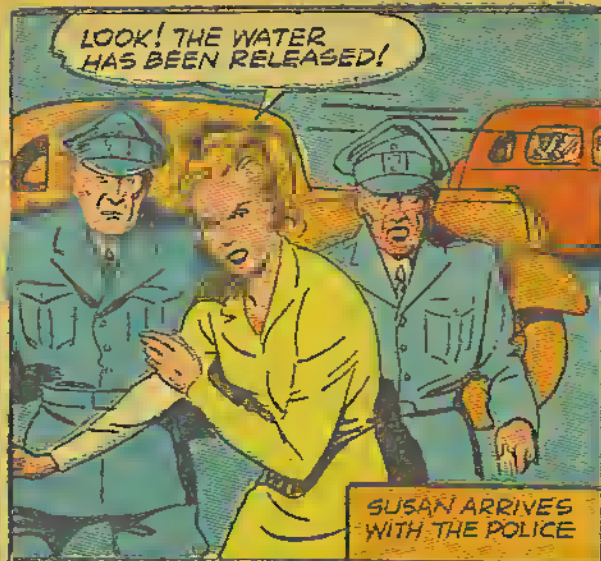
SMASH RISES TO THE SURFACE CLUTCHING THE STONE...

O ANO, HEAR MY PLEA. THE LOADSTONE LIES IN THE CLUTCHES OF A WHITE MAN. BEAR HIM DOWN WITH IT. INVEST THE STONE OF MY DYNASTY WITH THE WEIGHT OF A TON!



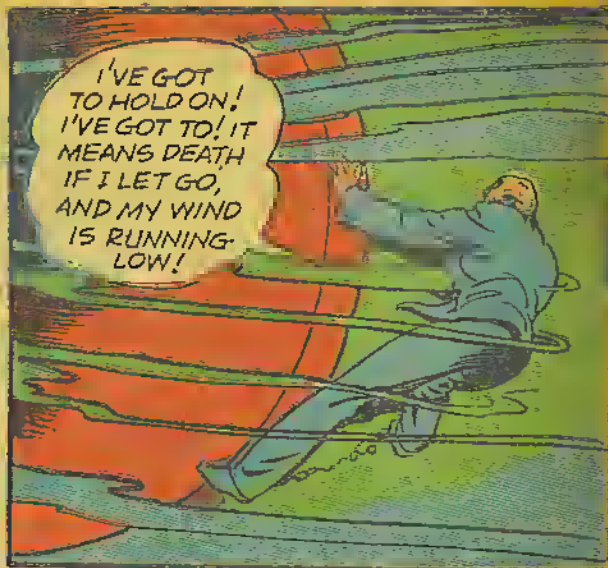
BUT THE MANDARIN WORKS HIS ANCESTRAL MAGIC.



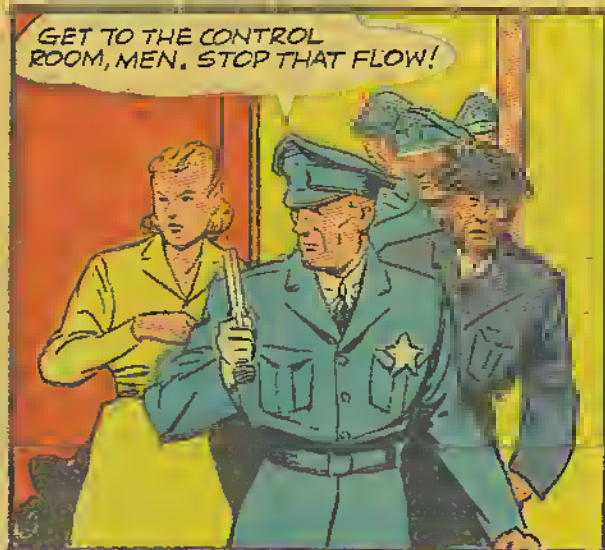


LOOK! THE WATER HAS BEEN RELEASED!

SUSAN ARRIVES WITH THE POLICE



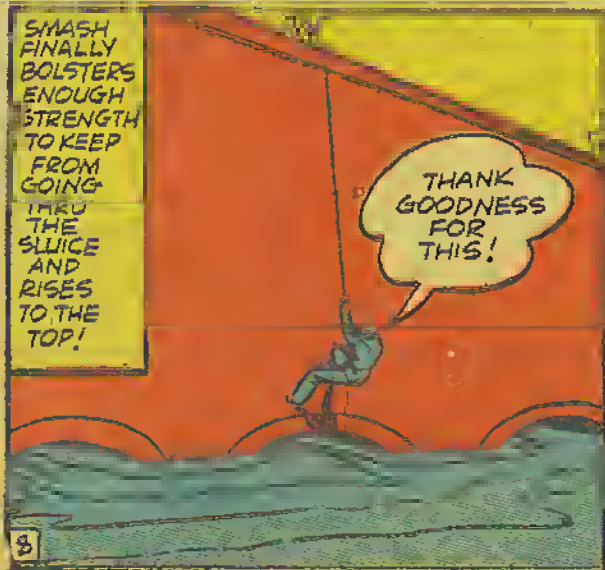
I'VE GOT TO HOLD ON!
I'VE GOT TO! IT MEANS DEATH IF I LET GO, AND MY WIND IS RUNNING LOW!



GET TO THE CONTROL ROOM, MEN. STOP THAT FLOW!



ALLRIGHT YOU HEATHENS! THIS GUN WILL REACH FOR THE SKY! INTERPRET WHAT I MEAN IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH!



SMASH FINALLY BOLSTERS ENOUGH STRENGTH TO KEEP FROM GOING THRU THE SLUICE AND RISES TO THE TOP!

THANK GOODNESS FOR THIS!



WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME DRY CLOTHES FOR YOU!

GET ME A TELEPHONE FIRST. I MUST CALL THE RECORD TO GIVE THEM THIS STORY. I WONDER WHETHER THE MAGIC MANDARIN WENT THROUGH THE SLUICES OR SURVIVED. IF HE DID HE STILL HAS THAT DEADLY STONE!

AND SO ENDS ANOTHER CHAPTER OF SMASH DAWSON.

No. 3

10¢

WHIRLWIND

COMICS

SEPTEMBER



SCOOP HANLON



WINGS BORDON



MAGIC MANDARIN



BRUCE BARLOW

